THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4019

JULY 16, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

INDIA'S NEW GOVERNMENT AT WORK

THE *Living Age* is in receipt of information from private but very high authority to the effect that the new National Assembly in India has been a success. In personnel its quality is better than expected; in debating ability at least half a dozen members need not fear the competition of any 'but the most skilful British parliamentarians,' and the whole body has shown a corporate sense of responsibility which is most reassuring.

In view of the difficulty experienced at times in Porto Rico and the Philippines when dealing with appropriations in a native legislature, it is significant that the budget was carried successfully. Although the native members vigorously criticized it in the debate, they refrained from using their tempting power to make wholesale reductions in the funds allotted the Departments.

Gandhism, — of which we published an Indian criticism in our issue of May 14, — is reported still to be a real force; but to have failed among the educated classes. A Calcutta journal thus describes the rapid waxing and waning of non-coöperation in the Brahmaputra Valley:

> It went from town to town, village to village, practically house to house everywhere right up the river to the unmapped mountains. I have never seen anything spread so quickly. Remember, it was only an idea; the people did not know what they were speaking about, but they had all on their tongues the word Gandhi and that something wonderful was going to happen to them. Little places of business were filled with people discussing the subject, but they could not get a solution of what it all meant; the chief impression I felt was an air of expectation. In railway trains, steamers, places of business, there was always animated discussion amongst all classes of people who usually stand aloof from one another. We heard vaguely of committees and rules and doing away with *belati* goods, and the people began to be quieter and look serious. 'Red Lamp' cigarettes disappeared from shops, and smokers took to a small native cheroot with a vile smell. Meetings began to be held and *pice* to be collected, and this made the ordinary man more serious than ever. School lads here and there got very brave and refused to attend school. Then things began to be normal again, for the Assamese is not a man with an excitable temperament that lasts, and experience has told him that his chief end in life is to see he has wherewithal to fill his belly and clothe his body. The last time I went round the rural districts, everyone was busy ploughing and I did not hear the name of Gandhi or committee mentioned my whole trip.

Nevertheless, there is explosive material in India. The Sikh community is ablaze with excitement, almost amount-

Copyright 1921, by The Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing to a religious feud, over local controversies affecting its faith. Agrarian discontent is acute in many sections, and on top of it all, Indian labor is beginning to organize itself, and is not immune from the disturbing influences which we have known so long in industrial centres in Europe.' On the whole, however, the tone of this report is optimistic.

✽

A LUDENDORFF INTERVIEW

A SPECIAL correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge* in Bavaria recently had an opportunity to discuss the military situation there with Ludendorff. The old commander is courting public notice, appearing frequently at the theatre, political meetings, and patriotic doings. Hindenburg, on the other hand, courts retirement, especially since the recent death of his wife. While Ludendorff refuses to give regular interviews, he is very fond of an argument. The correspondent chanced upon him in company with several other gentlemen on a short pedestrian tour, when he was quite volubly at ease. In the course of the conversation he said that he detested present-day politics, and wished to keep out of them so far as possible. He remarked: 'What Germany needs is evolution, not revolution.' He considered it madness for Germany to think of another war with France, and believed the country should comply with the terms of the treaty. He thought a little hardship would be a good tonic for the nation after its excessive prosperity. The people should devote themselves to home affairs. They should hark back to the days of privation and progress after the Napoleonic wars. Bolshevism is still a danger. Just now the attention of that movement is concentrated on Asia, but it will eventually make another drive against Western Europe. The conversation turned to many other things, but Ludendorff's favorite topic was the internal revival of Germany. He kept recurring to that.

✽

GREAT BRITAIN AND JAPAN

SPEAKING of the Japanese Alliance the London *Spectator* says: —

Even the most wildly imperialistic and most aggressive of Britons do not contemplate with pleasure blowing the British Empire into smithereens in a single instant. We all know perfectly well that this would be the result if we went to war with America not to support some rights of our own, but in order to help the Japanese to fight America. The moment such a war was declared, the bonds that unite us with the Dominions would be severed. If the people of Australia and New Zealand were asked which side they were going to be on in a war between the men of the white race and the men of the yellow race, they would not hesitate for a second. They would not waste time reading diplomatic papers, or considering legal points, or thumbing the clauses of the treaty. They would say: 'We are with our own flesh and blood! If the poor old mother country has gone mad, we cannot help it. We are deeply sorry; but if things have come to this pass, we must reluctantly take the leadership of her elder daughter rather than of herself. Help yellow men to take San Francisco by assault! Good heavens, what are you talking about!'

The same dreadful message of disintegration would run from end to end of Canada with a similar vehemence. There could be only one place for Canada in a fight to a finish between Japan and America — by the side of America. White South Africa would give the same answer. Nor would that be all. The moment they realized what had happened, ninety-nine per cent of the population here would be stoning their own government for its criminal lunacy in backing Japan against our own flesh and blood. We are quite as sure here as they are in the Dominions as to which is our proper side if it comes to war between Japan and America.

On the other hand, the Tory *National Review* welcomes the visit of the Crown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prince of Japan to England as 'the brightest spot in these depressing days,' and improves the opportunity to say a good word in favor of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance: —

We believe the alliance to have been a considerable asset to Japan. That is for the Japanese to judge. We are convinced that it has been of corresponding gain to Great Britain and the British Dominions. It incidentally proved of distinct advantage to the United States, as without the alliance Japan and America would have been on opposite sides in the Great War instead of allies in a common cause. So far from being a provocative factor in world-politics, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is a pacific influence in every sense of that term. Japan has made it clear that she does not expect us to espouse her cause in any impossible quarrel her hotheads might conceivably be anxious to pick with the United States, while the prospects of White Australia are largely bound up with the alliance. Under the circumstances we should only incur general contempt if we abandoned a deliberate mutually advantageous policy tested by time in order to conciliate the Hearst Press and its wild clientèle. American Anglophobes would speedily discover another bogey with which to belabor Britain if 'the Japanese Peril' failed. That British interests demand the continuance of the alliance is evident from the clatter it arouses among anti-British influences at home and abroad.

✻

NAVAL PROBLEMS OF THE PACIFIC

Lord Jellicoe proposes that Great Britain shall maintain in the Pacific a fleet of eight superdreadnaughts, eight battle-cruisers, and such complementary ships, bases, and stores as are necessary to support this unit. Obviously this would make Great Britain the arbiter of the Pacific — as Japan and the United States, although each maintains a more powerful fleet in those waters than the fleet of Great Britain, will never combine against the latter. In other words, the British Empire, possessing 'the best-situated' naval bases in the Pacific, would thus be in position to determine the control of that ocean. *Le Temps* laments that, while France is absorbed in little cross-roads controversies in Upper Silesia and elsewhere, England is installing herself as 'an honest broker' on the great trade-highways and in the great commercial centres of the world. Great Britain is quite justified by her own interests and by the need of responding to public sentiment in Australasia, in placing a powerful fighting force in the Pacific. We must recall that the Empire also has a coast-line next door to us in North America.

✻

MARSHAL FOCH

The London *Sunday Times* is printing, by arrangement with the publishers, a series of excerpts from a forthcoming book entitled *Makers of the New World*. Like a somewhat similar predecessor, *The Mirrors of Downing Street*, it portrays with intimate knowledge the leading figures at the Peace Conference. The following quotation from the account of Marshal Foch supplements a famous statement by that officer in an interview first published in America by the *Living Age* in February, 1920: —

An instance of the delight that Marshal Foch takes in simple things is the pleasure which he derived from learning to smoke a pipe. It was Sir Henry Wilson who first initiated him into the mysteries, in 1918. Foch had been in the habit of smoking very cheap cigars, — the sort of thing that would be termed here a 'twopenny smoke,' — and Sir Henry Wilson gave him an English pipe. Foch applied himself with as much energy and concentration to mastering it as if it had been a great attack on a German position. When Sir Henry Wilson went to see him in the middle of a great battle, he found Foch struggling with his pipe, the floor littered with spent matches. He had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not yet overcome it, and it was a great source of worry to him for some weeks.

In June, 1918, when things were going very badly for the Allies, a War Council was held at Versailles and conducted to the accompaniment of the roar of the German guns, which were at that time within forty miles of Paris. The French line had been broken, and things looked very black. Foch had been heard to say that that was the worst moment he had passed through. The old veteran withdrew from the rest of the company, and was presently seen bending down with his head shaking convulsively over his hands. Every one thought he had broken down, and someone approached him to comfort him. But on nearing him they were reassured to find that his worry came from a most desperate attempt to make his pipe draw!

✤

AN ARMISTICE SCANDAL

ITALIAN newspapers are featuring a most unpleasant scandal, which has resulted in the arrest of General Segre, chief of the Italian military mission in Vienna, together with thirteen other Italian officers, who are charged with misappropriation of government goods entrusted to them, and other abuses of authority. They are said to have sold supplies sent for relief use in Austria, to smugglers and profiteers; to have aided Italian profiteers to bring goods illegally, under military protection, from Italy to Austria, and to ship goods from Austria to Italy. Some Australian papers have been encouraged by this incident to charge that members of the Italian mission profited personally by excess requisitions made upon Austria over and above those authorized by the Treaty.

✤

A DEFEATED GENERAL'S WAR LETTERS

FRITZ VON BOLGAR, a former Hungarian cabinet officer, contributes to *Pester Lloyd* a series of articles on the late Field-Marshal Boroevics, who was in command of the Austro-Hungarian army on the Isonzo and Piave during the war. The author quotes freely the marshal's letters from the field, which give a vivid picture of sentiment and conditions on the front at different stages of the campaign, as well as of the rivalries, dissensions, and intrigues, which seem always to have hampered the Austro-Hungarian forces. Writing in the spring of 1915, immediately after Italy entered the war and he had been appointed commander of the new Italian front, the Field-Marshal says: —

> When I arrived, the words of the Bible came to my mind: 'In the beginning . . . the earth was void.' No army, no government, no motors, no telegrams, no telephones, no trenches, no barbed wire. I began the campaign against Italy by buying a lead pencil, scratch paper, and a railway map. Cadorna was awfully good. He left me absolutely at peace. Broussiloff and my other northern friends would have been at my heels in a minute. Cadorna is much more of a gentleman. We had a difficult time at the outset, but I now have things in better shape.

The correspondence then traces the varied fortunes of the Austro-Hungarian armies until the summer of 1918, when the growing shortage of supplies and munitions was undermining their morale and strength. On June 29, 1918, immediately after the last offensive the field-marshal wrote: —

> In spite of numerous precise reports, they [the home government] have not the faintest conception of conditions in the army. Since the beginning of February, we have been so famished that men faint during regular manœuvres. Even Archduke Joseph himself has been forced to listen to the pleas of the Hungarian soldiers for food. The horses are skeletons, and the artillery practically immobile. . . . The same situation prevails in Tyrol. We did not begin to receive supplies until June 8, just a week before our advance was to begin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The spring offensive was not conducted in accordance with Boroevics's views. He opposed vigorously starting a major operation from Tyrol, against the French and English divisions, protesting to his royal superiors, 'one would never think of attacking a bull by the horns.' At eleven o'clock on the night of June 16, when Boroevics's forces were making what he considered satisfactory progress beyond the Piave, he received a telephone message from Emperor Charles, who reported in an agitated voice: 'Tyrol is defeated. The troops have lost all the ground they won this morning and have been driven back to their starting-point.' Austria's output of munitions had fallen by this time to less than five shells a gun per day, and there were supplies at the front to feed the army for only seven days.

✻

KORFANTY AND SILESIA

Voyciech Korfanty, the Polish leader who headed the recent outbreak in Upper Silesia, was formerly a member of the German Reichstag, and was rather conspicuous during the war as a defender of Polish interests in Posen. He is the son of a common miner, and was born in an industrial suburb near one of the great Silesian furnace-centres. He comes from a family notable for its German sympathies. However, Korfanty himself became a Polish political agitator before he finished his gymnasium course; and soon acquired prominence in the Polish agitation which started about twenty years ago in Upper Silesia. He is charged by his German opponents with soliciting votes from the ignorant Polish peasants by promising to obtain for each of them from the government, if he were elected, a farm, a cottage, two hogs, and a cow. This is the origin of the taunting campaign song, 'Korfanty's Cow,' now so popular among German sympathizers in Silesia. During the war, Korfanty assisted Erzberger, who was in charge of foreign propaganda for the Germans. At this time he wrote several articles supporting the German cause, and the Berlin Foreign Office has recently made public the vouchers he signed for fees received in this service. However, Korfanty's sympathies were always Polish, and his political star rose rapidly after his native province became disputed ground between New Poland and Germany.

The Manchester *Guardian* publishes extracts from a letter written by an American lady, 'the daughter of a distinguished American diplomat still living,' now residing with her husband in Upper Silesia, describing some of the incidents attending the recent Polish uprising in that section. From this we quote the following: —

> At the village of Rauden the insurgents rifled the houses of all the peasants who had voted for Germany. But there is worse. The German schoolmaster was slowly tortured in the most barbarous fashion, until death delivered him from his terrible suffering. In a neighboring village the four daughters of the schoolmaster were violated.
>
> Have we not reason to bless forever the heroic Italians who, by the defence of Kosel, have saved us so far from these horrors, and what name can one find for the conduct of the officers of the French troops (far more numerous than the Italians), who abandoned a population whom their government had engaged, under the Versailles Treaty, to protect, to the mercy of such brigands without firing a shot in their defense?

✻

MOSCOW'S FOREIGN INTRIGUES

La Vie Socialiste, a relatively conservative Socialist organ, publishes in full the text of an alleged secret memorandum by Chicherin, the Bolshevist Commissioner of Foreign Affairs, to the representatives of the Russian govern-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment abroad, under the date of February 6, 1921. Its general tenor is diametrically opposite to Chicherin's pacifist professions on other occasions. The following quotations sufficiently indicate this: —

While engaged in our policy of preparation, we must take advantage of any nationalist conflict which may arise. . . . Hungary's hatred of its neighbors may precipitate an armed conflict involving Italy and may thereby start another general European war. . . . Our representatives abroad should seek to aggravate existing controversies between nations. . . . If a war occurs, it will strengthen us, but it may not ensure our complete success. . . . If matters in Europe begin to ease up, we must concentrate attention upon the Balkan Peninsula, and try to encircle the Near East. . . . However, this is not theoretically the best policy for us because such a conquest may be localized, and instead of acting as a detonator for a general war may serve merely to clear the atmosphere. . . . Our secret agents are actively at work in Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, the Constantinople district, and Yugoslavia. . . . But as I have said, there is danger that the Great Powers will localize the conquest. . . . Our situation is prejudiced just now by Germany's indifference to the Near Eastern situation and America's neutral attitude. . . . Our task should be to embroil the English and French and the French and the Italians.

✻

GENERAL SUCHOMLINOFF AGAIN

General Suchomlinoff, the former Russian Minister of War, whose trial in 1917 attracted world-wide attention, is now living quietly in Dresden. He recently gave an interview to a correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* in that city, in which he says that he never sympathized with Great Britain. He stated that Buchanan, the British Ambassador in Petrograd, made the round of the Russian authorities, seeking a Russian army corps for service in England. He now believes that an alliance of Russia with Germany and France would have prevented the war. He reasserts what seems now to be generally recognized, that Russia was the first of the great powers involved in the war to order a general mobilization. He was sentenced to life imprisonment as a result of the trial in 1917, but was released by the Bolsheviki when they granted amnesty to all tsarist prisoners more than sixty years old. Suchomlinoff has written two volumes of personal memoirs, and is now negotiating for their publication in Germany.

✻

JAPAN AND THE INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCE

Following the example of Great Britain, the Japanese government shows a disposition to recede from its engagements regarding workers' welfare legislation at the International Labor Conference at Washington. Bills for carrying out the decision of the Conference have been delayed, and it is argued that the new laws will impose an outlay of about twenty-five million dollars on the government. *Yomiuri* informs its readers that a draft of the proposed legislation will be submitted to the privy council within the period of eighteen months agreed upon at the Conference. This period expires next July. This decision of referring the subject to the privy council is regarded as an endeavor to pigeon-hole the whole project, and the friends of such legislation are urging that it be submitted to Parliament, where it will receive some publicity. *Yomiuri* says, 'It is cunning of Premier Hara to shift the responsibility for the repudiation of this labor legislation to the shoulders of the privy council.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A RESURRECTED ARMY

BY MARIE, QUEEN OF RUMANIA

[The following pages have been selected by the Queen of Rumania from a journal which she kept during the war. They describe the hardships and sufferings of the Rumanian army during the tragic days when it was forced to retreat before the German-Bulgarian forces under Mackensen, and to take refuge in Moldavia.]

From *La Revue de Paris, June 1*
(Independent Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

Whenever my mind turns back to these last two years, pictures innumerable defile before my eyes — pictures of war, with their quick alternations of horror and of hope. There are enough of them to fill volumes; and some day I may try to write them. To-day, the incidents are still too recent. They lack the perspective of time. I must first let them clarify and crystallize.

But now I turn for a moment and look back over the path I have just trod. It is a dark and thorny one. Why not select a few of the pictures left by the chaos, the suffering of these two years, which still make my heart shudder, and perhaps will thrill yours? Certain of them weigh heavily on my memory; and when my hair is white, I shall still recall them with terror and with agony.

Snow and cold and mud and misery, endless highways, converted by the constant passage of armies into a bottomless mire which no vehicle can pass. Here and there, lost in this desolation, little villages, where our soldiers fall exhausted in miserable huts, which are the only shelter offered them in their precipitate retreat. Such suffering, such a seemingly endless night of horror, that it always seems to me I ought not to recall it except on my knees, my face buried in my hands, petitioning God for these humble human beings condemned to death without glory, buried without priest or prayer — men who had as much right to live as you and I, yet were doomed to die in the midst of horrors unrelieved by one single moment of respite or solace.

History had told us before what a winter retreat means. We had imagined men in tattered uniforms, staggering on, half-frozen, through the soft snow, pursued by the blasts of winter and by terror, fixing their haggard gaze upon a horizon which they know they will never reach. We had seen in imagination the long roads along which they struggled, and here and there by the wayside little heaps vaguely resembling human forms half-covered with the snow, where gaunt crows keep sinister guard. Scenes of this sort had been painted, had been described by poets. When in our childhood we heard such stories told, we never really believed them, but thought they were nightmare tales. Who fancied that such things would ever come into our sheltered lives, where what we fancied was that a higher civilization had provided us many sanctuaries of comfort and well-being! It took the war to demolish all these shelters, to which we were accustomed, and to carry us back with brutal suddenness to times and experiences we had fancied past forever. The night-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mare tales suddenly became reality. The shrieks and groans of forgotten generations became the shrieks and groans of our own children. Worse than that — to all the horrors of ancient war, we had added new ones devised by modern science. Instead of the comparatively small bodies of professional soldiers of an earlier day, whole nations now go forth *en masse* to battle; the son of everyone against the son of everyone; a sacrifice is levied on every fireside, on every heart; an empty chair stands at every table.

And we had to learn to live, in this dreadful reality, against which we supposed we were so perfectly protected. That is why, when these memories crowd irresistibly upon me in the silence of my chamber, I even now greet them with a sort of stupid unbelief.

In the remote villages where the retreat had driven our famished troops, there was nothing: no food, no clothing, no shelter, no soap, no fire. On the heels of this privation and misery, strange and unfamiliar evils slipped into our exhausted ranks like a cunning enemy. Our men went forth to fight soldiers; instead they found themselves fighting hunger, cold, and pestilence.

Reports of these conditions did not reach me immediately. I was so preoccupied with matters in town that I had scarcely time to raise my eyes to see beyond the things immediately around me. When I finally did try to carry my services to these outside centres of desolation, I found it almost impossible to travel to them. Motor cars could not get through, baggage trains could not get through, horses were dying for lack of forage. Even the most modest assistance met incredible obstacles But the cries of distress became louder and louder. We had to do something.

This brings to my memory my first visit to a village only a short distance from the city, but which I nevertheless reached with the utmost difficulty. It had begun to thaw, and the moon had risen with a pale and desolate look, as if beauty had vanished forever from the earth. The snow, which but recently stretched unbroken to the horizon and covered up so much, was now broken by dirty, dark patches, disclosing what should have been buried from human eyes. Everywhere there were sombre shadows of flitting crows. Beside the endless highway lay dead horses, their bodies half gnawed away by famished dogs. These raised their heads and growled at us as we passed, disclosing bloody teeth, like hungry wolves.

Finally we reached our destination. It was a large, irregular village of miserable huts scattered irregularly over a hillside, with a wooden church, looking like an old weather-worn priest bowed down with despair, and helpless to protect his deserted flock. One would have said that the huts were melting together with the snow and dissolving into mud. Their cornstalk thatches, blackened and saturated by the constant rains, kept up an incessant mournful trickling from their eaves. Here, too, the fearful thaw drew the veil from things indescribable. But a single glance at the pale phantoms that glided here and there across the desolation was sufficient answer to the question why nothing had been done to clean things up. Surely these were not men. They were hardly walking spectres. Their hollow cheeks and haggard eyes were fixed uncomprehendingly upon the woman who had come to help them. They dragged themselves about here and there in groups, sitting on the decaying thresholds of the huts, or on the heaps of garbage, or leaning against the muddy walls, the snow, slipping here and there from the roofs, falling on their heads and shoulders.

Men wandered aimlessly about, mere bundles of rags, their tattered boots

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dripping fetid mud. One of them stopped, leaning on his stick, and stared at me with a glare of madness in his hollow eyes. His face looked more like a death's-head than a human visage. Every bone was visible under the dry skin, which was stretched like a parchment and mottled with horrible blue spots.

All these people were suffering with a disease that we were just beginning to know about, exanthematic typhus, which we were absolutely helpless to combat.

'Where is your doctor?' I asked.

'He has the fever also,' he replied.

'And your officers?'

'Also sick.'

It was true. All those who might have been of assistance were prostrated with the fever, and these unfortunates, abandoned to themselves, were dying by hundreds.

The interior of the huts was, if possible, worse than the outside. Sick people were lying pell-mell on indescribable straw pallets, the living with the dead — a rigid corpse staring with glassy eyes at the broken roof, with fever-stricken living men on either side of him.

As spring advanced and the roads became more passable, although the mud was still so deep that I was never sure of reaching my destination, I could go to more distant places. Often I arrived on foot. Everywhere the same picture of misery and epidemic. I did the best I could. Others did the same. Everyone worked with all his energy and resolution. In spite of all that, the fearful moment came when I had to say to myself that we had no army. Death had so cruelly decimated our ranks that our regiments seemed to have disappeared. My horror grew as I watched the growing lines of crosses in our cemeteries, where we were requisitioning field after field to inter the dead.

We became hardened to fearful sights, even in the city streets. Our hospitals were so crowded that we were forced to discharge patients before they were in condition to travel. There was no asylum for such invalids. They could not reach their destination by train. We had no carts or carriages. So they started off on foot, through the snow and the cold and the mud. For the most part, they never reached their destination, but died by the wayside. Sometimes they were brought back to the hospital they had just left, where patients were already lying three in a bed. I shall never forget these carts, which we were always passing, bringing the sick and the dying to the city. I used to go about the streets and the suburbs and the neighboring country with my motor filled with food and warm clothing, trying to rescue some at least of these destitute refugees. Jassy was so crowded by the retreat, that there were no buildings available, especially since the Russians had taken possession of most of the larger structures. I hunted everywhere without finding a place in which to house these destitute invalids. When a disaster befalls a country, it disorganizes every detail of ordinary life. Our situation was still further complicated by the Russians. Although cruelly crushed ourselves, we had to provide for these innumerable legions of foreign soldiers, who had come to help us and who, alas, failed to perform their duty. But the Russians had at least one thing, inexhaustible stores of provisions. They have many faults, but their generosity is above reproach. They always gave freely. We must thank them for most of our supplies that winter. But though my hands were full, that helped little. It seemed as if we had no soldiers, nothing but pellucid skeletons covered by the dangling rags of tattered uniforms.

Finally, we managed to establish large convalescent camps in different

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parts of the country. They were melancholy places. One of them was near the city. I used to visit it from time to time on horseback. The men were quartered in couples in little dugouts. When spring came, they would stay out all day long, sunning their emaciated forms. At times they would dance round dances — a pathetic spectacle, which I never desire to see again and which always called to my mind those mediæval pictures of the dance of death. Holding hands, these yellow, hollow-eyed spectres, with their shaven heads, would circle around in a sort of morbid excited shuffle to the scratching of a violin by some gypsy comrade. It was as if they were performing some strange rite in honor of the sun, which was now again climbing higher in the heavens.

Never did I feel so powerfully spring's spirit of rebirth and resurrection. The winter had been so long and so fatal, that the return of life seemed like a miracle.

One day I arrived at this convalescent camp, galloping over a green meadow. When these dancing spectres saw me, they charged toward me with cries of joy. My horse also seemed to feel the contagion of spring, and the scattered fleecy clouds that coursed down the clear blue sky above appeared to race with us. However, my good steed did not fancy the poor convalescents, and trembled with fear when they approached. As they crowded around, throwing their hats in the air and cheering, their faces shining with gladness, I had great difficulty in controlling him. He reared and circled, his eyes dilated with fear, as if the presence of so much misery were horrifying. I always brought tobacco, sugar, and sometimes more substantial things, to distribute to the men. After this little ceremony was over, the throng of tatterdemalion spectres again began to dance madly to the music of a violin. When I left, followed by their farewell cheers, my heart was heavy. I kept saying over and over again: 'We no longer have any army. We no longer have any army.'

However, our national holiday, the tenth of May, arrived at last. In the good old days, this had always been a merry festival, with processions, and with flags floating from every window. Even the poorest always displayed a bit of the national colors somewhere. My children had been brought up to honor the day, and they always awaited it with joyous impatience. . . .

But how different our feelings on this May tenth! To be sure the streets through which we passed were hung with flags, but sparsely, as our scanty means bade. There was a great crowd to welcome us; but behind the smiling faces one could see the secret agony of men's souls. Many were clothed in mourning.

We finally reached a great field outside the city. A haunting uneasiness overcame me. It was a sunny day, and the surrounding country was bright and green. This time, however, there were no bright uniforms. Our men were clothed in gray and green, colors that melted into those of the surrounding landscape. The only bright spots were the national flags — and they were tattered.

Suddenly my heart beat wildly! I scarce dared to turn my eyes toward these endless ranks of men clothed in green. I asked myself if my vision deceived me. My heart was so inured to suffering that I dared not rejoice. But the long procession began to defile before us, rank after rank of valiant young men until the columns seemed endless. Whence came they? Had they risen from the dead? Where had they left their rags and tatters? What had filled their eyes again with hope? What had become of the pale phantoms of a few months before?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARIS ROAD

From *The Times, May* 19
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

ONCE on a time all roads were assumed to lead to Rome, and once on a time they certainly did, so far as these islands of ours are concerned. To-day, as certainly, all roads lead to Paris; and whether they be metaled, of mother earth, of iron, or of such stuff as dreams are made on, they have a literature of their own, distinctive and apart. For there is no more fascinating means of travel than, upon the magic carpet of imagination, to pursue the old trails from the comfort of the arm-chair, accompanied by the pilgrims, poets, merchants, and pleasure-seekers of past days, and reassembling the personages of the King's Highway, the inns and their patrons, and the thousand and one details of the Grand and Petit Tour preserved for our enjoyment, if not always for our edification, in the archives of the road.

Along it, between London and Paris, moves the pageant of the centuries, and, dearer still, of that imagined world which reflects history in the mirror of romance. Sometimes the two are so blended by the alchemy of letters that we know not whether it be fact or legend passing before 'that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.' The book is closed, 'the box is shut up, and the puppets stowed away, for the play is played out.' Yet for most of us the puppets are as instinct with life as the real men and the real women who long ago have arrived at that mystic bourne whose terminus is neither in Paris nor in London. The end of the play has come — *Vanitas vanitatum!* — but the show is to be repeated day and night at the Theatre Royal, Fancy Street, at pleasure, and there is nothing to pay for a seat in this, the most spacious, cosy, and satisfying of playhouses.

> Quel plaisir d'être en voyage!
> Jamais l'œil n'est en repos,
> Toujours sur votre passage
> S'offrent des objets nouveaux.

The librettist of *Jean de Paris* lived in the days when 'the words did n't matter'; and for banality his lyrics are a match for those of the poet Bunn. But Boieldieu's setting, which ushered in the delightful charades at Gaunt House and brought to a climax the career of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, — herself a sometime habituée of the Paris road, — still sounds in our ears among the *morceaux choisis* of a musical epoch which knew not chromatic cubes and such diversions.

At first, when Calais ceased to be English, our road was chiefly traversed by Royalty and other great personages. 'Ambassadors, and such as they, Were like asparagus in May,' with retinues a mile long. The moment of the Dover Pageant was reached when Charles the King rode on to greet his Henrietta fresh come over from France —

> Il n'est plus aujourd'hui ni vaincus ni vainqueurs;
> Que tout soit oublié dans l'entente des cœurs,
> Quand, par dessus la mer, l'enthousiasme gagne
> Les deux peuples de France et de Grande Bretagne!

Thus wrote M. Louis Tiercelin. But it took more than two centuries to convert the Entente Cordiale into a reality, and still longer for the two nations to learn to appreciate one another in something more than an alliance of expediency. The close connection of the courts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of St. James and St.-Germain throughout the Stuart period brought into both countries the vanguard of travelers in the stricter sense.

Of them not a few have committed their impressions to paper. The diarists, from Evelyn onwards, supply abundant material from which we who travel in luxury and at high speed may envisage the humors, the discomforts, and the distractions of what was the great event in the life of the traveler, whether on business or pleasure bent. In contemporary guides and travel books, therefore, it is possible to trace the growth of our friendly international relations, and the gradual break-up of our insularity as the social perspective was enlarged by mutual experience on either side of the Channel.

Each step is faithfully recorded in their pages: post-chaise, coach, diligence, train, and motor (and presently, no doubt, the air service) possess an individual literature, as well romantic, as commonplace and utilitarian. 'There's milestones on the Dover road.' They are the milestones of the centuries, while the road-books, which marshal them with military precision, show how little the highway from London to Calais has been deflected in the past hundred years, and since *The Traveller's Pocket Compendium* — the ancestor of all our Automobile and C.T.C. road-books — was published 'by a Person who has belonged to the Publick Offices upwards of Twenty Years.'

In earlier days, before perfidious Albion was made the target and butt of propaganda, French curiosity of their neighbors *outre mer* was always more vivid and openly expressed than that of the stolid Briton.

'C'est en France qu'on apprend la civilité, la politesse, la galanterie, et la douceur des mœurs, sans comparison mieux qu'en aucun lieu du monde.' That was a Frenchman's summary of the national character, as it was that of cultured opinion on this side. M. Jouvin, its author, waxes enthusiastic over the travel habit as 'un feu véhément qui ne s'assouvit jamais, qui dévore tout ce qu'il rencontre sur la route'; his hints and apothegms of the road were given to the world during one of the then short-lived alliances of French and English in the year which saw James, Duke of York, publicly received into the Church of Rome, and a Declaration of Indulgence for Nonconformists and Catholics proclaimed. The occasion promised an increased influx of French visitors. *Le Voyageur d'Europe* comes pat to the occasion, and the cordial intention is unmistakable.

Anticipating the flamboyant Ollendorff, the precepts of 'la politesse' are expounded for the use and benefit of French and English alike. M. Jouvin makes a dreadful hash of our place-names. He is also silent, save by inference, on the merits and demerits of our inns — a reticence by no means observed by the passengers on the road from Calais to Paris. But he is worth listening to when he meets an Englishman in the street, or is settling accounts with his landlady. 'Bonjour, Monsieur — vostre serviteur: comment portez-vous? A vostre service'; and on the English side of his bi-lingual page — 'Where is your lodging? I am at the common garden' [no doubt the Convent Garden]. 'Are you alone?' [Estes-vous tout seul?]' 'God save you, Mistress,' [Bon soir, Madame], and, a pleasant side-light on our customs: 'Mistress, will you drink some beer?' — 'Yes, Sir, I will drink this to your health, wishing you "good voyage" and a "good return."' — 'I am bound to you [*obligé*], Mistress.'

The beer finished, and the bill paid, our traveler asks if Madame is satisfied. Her (anticipated) reply is that she asks no more beyond his good wishes, 'and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are already ours.' Fearful still of having underpaid the lady, he throws in a handful of shillings 'for what my horse has spent.' It may be hoped that those who employed M. Jouvin as guide, philosopher, and friend faced the music of the bills as gallantly as he.

The bills of Dover, then as before, and until the coming of the railway, at least provided a touch of Nature to make French and English kin. From Erasmus to Don Juan the extortions of its innkeepers, its shipmasters, porters, and boatmen are subject of bitter comment: —

> And last, not least, to strangers uninstructed,
> Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is deducted.

To-day the longshoreman, 'whose tolls to take you aboard the packet might exceed the cost of the whole distance from Dover to Calais,' has himself paid his obol and crossed the universal ferry.

We moderns dine on board, or in a restaurant car at *prix fixes*, and this side of the Italian frontiers can inform ourselves what we shall be called upon to pay for every item, to a centime; remembering, however, in these meagre days of local paper coinage, — as M. Jouvin of our tokens, — that 'all these little pieces of pennys and farthings which are stampt in every toune, and in every quarter of the cities, cannot be spent but where they have been stampt.'

The peace of which he took advantage was of brief duration; and there can have been little call for bi-lingual amenities until the Peace of Ryswick again reopened the Paris road for a few years. In view of present ex-enemy relations, it is agreeable to reflect that, then as ever, our wars with France, once concluded, left no rancor. No sooner were the gates of the Temple of Janus closed than those of Calais and Dover were swung open. Monsieur started for London, and the compliment was repaid by our milors and 'persons of quality.'

It is about now, too, that a new sort of traveler, much in evidence before the last great war, appears on the scene. Laurence Sterne, the prototype, classifies and subclassifies the genus with Linnæan exactitude — the Idle, the Inquisitive, the Lying, the Proud, the Vain, the Splenetic, the Traveler of Necessity, the Delinquent and Felonious, and the Unfortunate Innocent, the Simple, and last, but not least, his own immortal creation, the Sentimental Traveler, whose adventures are chiefly of the heart, and to whom the very sound of 'My Lord Anglois' from the importunate 'was worth the largesse of sous enforced by custom at every stopping-place' by 'the daughters and sons of poverty.'

All of them agree that the Latin races are impervious to noise and smell in a much higher degree than their own not too squeamish selves. The learned Lister finds the streets of French towns, especially of Paris, narrow and dangerous and without footways, the coaches proceeding 'at full trot upon broad flat stones betwixt high and large resounding houses,' and making 'a sort of musick which would seem very agreeable to the Parisians,' but is maddening to the British stranger within the gates. The Rag of Quality is most impressed by the crosses and crucifixes so plentiful between Abbeville and Amiens 'that from them alone an Englishman will be satisfied he is out of his own country; besides the roads are much better than ours,' which was not saying too much in their favor, and did not hold good for long.

Another great war was pending, which was to separate the nations for the next ten years; and, when once more the Channel ports were free to the English, its horrors had submerged the whole of Picardy and Artois, leaving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

towns, villages, roads, and inns in a truly lamentable state, and comparatively as bad as within the devastated area of 1918. The dangers of the road were also multiplied by the hundreds of disbanded half-starved soldiery, beside whose exploits the deeds of our own gentlemen of the highway pale their ineffectual fires.

We have a graphic picture of the lawlessness and misery, the devastation and poverty of the country between Calais and Amiens, in the work of an anonymous ex-officer of Marlborough's army, who 'had the curiosity of making a trip over to be eye-witness of the low Ebb France is reduc'd to by the valour of the British Arms.' He began his voyage on board a Thames barge to Margate, and thence shipped to Calais. His experiences down the river, the passengers of all sorts and both sexes huddled indiscriminately in the straw, and most of them drunk, suggest a trenchant Hogarth print, and for sheer beastliness equal anything encountered between decks by Roderick Random. But the mud of that Flanders campaign had affected him as lightly as our own Tommies in the trenches; and his appreciation of the British soldier suffers nothing by comparison on a first view of the French conscript — 'poor, punie, ragged Shabberoons in tattered cloates,' and so lean that 'I did admire that such Troops durst look our jolly Britons in the Face.'

It is only fair to add that these specimens of the French soldier (depicted in Hogarth's *Calais Gate*) were not of the troops of the line of Ramillies and Malplaquet. A later meeting at Hesdin with some Carabineers elicits a real note of admiration — 'all comely men of a very good age, and well accounted, very unlike the shabby despicable dogs I saw at Calais.' And subsequently, when he was made free of the mess of the Irish officers in the French King's service at Amiens, and further on was entertained by the Duke of Berwick's steward at Clermont with 'cold hare-pye, partridge, venison, and excellent wine,' his opinions of the French military were completely reversed.

He tells us, however, that the main roads were certain death to the lonely traveler, and how, with two commercial gentlemen armed to the teeth as companions, he fell, not among, but upon, the thieves, and, by a brilliant stratagem, himself brought them captive of his bow and spear, to be handed over for instant execution to the authorities at Auxy-le-Château, 'where we lodged at the "Three Pigeons."'

Wretched indeed was the aspect of the country, so plundered by the incursions of our armies that there was hardly a bed, and that only of straw, and, though plenty of grass, 'but few cattle, small and lean,' in woeful contrast with the fair fields and smiling gardens of Kent. What happened after Blenheim, and so affected the tender heart of Mr. Henry Esmond at Dick Steele's reading of his idol's *The Campaign*, had been repeated mercilessly in Northern France: —

> In vengeance roused, the soldier fills his hand
> With sword and fire, and ravages the land:
> The crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
> A thousand villages to ashes turn.

The set piece was not Addison's forte; his numeration is that of Martin Tupper, and his more cheerful multiple system of welcomes.

Yet the recuperative power of the French peasant was not long in asserting itself; and during the next thirty years we get no more than the grumbles which have been the prerogative of the Briton abroad in all times and in all ages. In the matter of accommodation, on both sides, a slow but sure improvement is indicated, at all events during the first half of the eighteenth century, though in England the charges must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have taxed even the politeness of the contemporary Jouvin. Plain prosy facts, in more or less Anglo-French, take the place of the delightful badinage and chatter of the less sophisticated guide. The Paris road was becoming as well known as the post roads out of London; a trip to Paris no more to be regarded as an adventure by the Fashionables than a run on the coach, or on horseback, to Brighthelmstone.

> Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
> Of French friseurs, and nosegays, justly vain,
> Who take a trip to Paris once a year
> To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,
> Lend me your hands, —

says, or was intended to say, the fascinating Mrs. Bulkley, by way of epilogue, when the curtain fell on *She Stoops to Conquer*. About the same date appeared the *Gents Guide, by an Officer*, with a variety of admirable advice to those on tour, 'a fondness for traveling being characteristic of the English more than of any other nation.' Unlike Major Dobbin of Ours, who protested against taking his uniform abroad, and, after his return from India and escape from the wiles of Miss Glorvina O'Dowd, preferred mufti, the *Gents Guide* bids the reader take his regimentals with him, 'this being the most respectable dress he can possibly appear in, and one which in a great measure excludes him from many impositions.'

On the other hand, the road surfaces and public conveyances had touched the nadir of discomfort and disrepair. Appeals and schemes for improvement in the shape of pamphlets and addresses pour in upon Press and Parliament. Smollett, writing in the early second half of the century condemns roads, carriages, hostelries and their proprietors wholesale. But it should be remembered that he was a sick man when he wrote, and that, as he himself confesses, 'a man who travels with a family of five persons must lay his account with a number of mortifications.' He found the Dover road bad, the accommodation of the inns worse, the customs at Boulogne unfavorable to strangers; but the officers rather more civil than on our side of the water. 'Dover, commonly termed a den of thieves,' he denounces as living 'by piracy in time of war; and by smuggling and fleecing strangers in time of peace; but I will do them the justice to say, they make no distinction between foreigners and natives.' It should have been a longshoreman's paradise.

Nor has he a good word to say for the hostelries of Northern France. The inns at Rochester, Sittingbourne, and Canterbury were indifferent, but 'in the execrable *auberges* of this country one finds nothing but dirt and imposition. One would imagine the French were still at war with the English, for they pillage them without mercy.' Perhaps it was the detention of his library which provoked this peevish outburst. Be that as it may, the majority of British travelers — for the tourist other than the Grand Tour sort had hardly yet been evolved — took their *désagréments de voyage* with more philosophy. Nowhere between London and Dover was to be found such a clean homely, cheerful house of call as that which inspired Shenstone's single live stanza, or set Hazlitt speculating, after copious goblets of tea, what he would have for supper, 'eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet.' Smollett's letters are good reading, all the same; his travel talk seldom degenerates into the rhapsodic drivel of a later and even more sentimental period. But as a trustworthy guide to the Paris, or any other road, he is not to be accepted too literally.

In the Seven Years' War this part of France escaped more easily than in the Marlborough campaigns. The longer ordeal, which only ended with the down-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fall of Napoleon himself (after the Romans the supreme roadmaker, and incidentally the first to adapt the road from Calais to Paris to heavy traffic), left the region practically unscathed.

There were also at this time, it appears, white sheep to be found in the Dover fold. The Ship Inn on the quay would assuredly have been given the star of distinction in a modern guide-book, 'the landlady Mrs. Jones,' peace be to her ashes, 'being admirably cut out for the great share of business she has from strangers passing between the two kingdoms.' But again the recommendations of the *Gents Guide* are not extended across the water. Of Calais the author writes, 'exorbitant houses all, therefore let your stay be as short as possible.' He is nearly the last of the outspoken guides. The romantic were destined to die harder. One of the latest of our eighteenth-century travelers, George Forster, 'un des Compagnons de Cook' (prophetic and pregnant affix), skips with charming irrelevance from the Botanic Gardens at Oxford to the beach at Dover, where, awaiting the packet, he soliloquizes to his heart's content. 'Cliff de Shakespeare,' he murmurs, 'plusieurs groupes d'enfans répétoient ce nom sacré au milieu de leurs jeux folâtres. O Nature, combien les émotions que tu produis sont ineffables et saintes!' and so forth, and so on.

It is while we were warring against Napoleon, and still more markedly in the interval between the passing of the coach and the coming of the railway, that the Dover road comes to its own. The road- and guide-books, but above all the novels, of the earlier nineteenth century, introduce the traveler, and at length the tourist, not yet 'compagnon de Cook,' to a reformed and less savage Inndom. Whether we travel in imagination with them, or set forth with the contemporary guide in hand, the milestones flash rapidly, and for long there broods upon them an atmosphere of peace conducive to physical and mental comfort alike. The highwayman, the bandit, the beggar, the squalor and meanness of the inns have disappeared. A wave of the wand, and the Bull at Rochester emerges resplendent. 'Do you remain here, Sir?' inquired Mr. Nathaniel Winkle of Mr. Alfred Jingle. — 'Here — not I — but you'd better — good house — nice beds — Wright's, next door, dear — very dear — half a crown in the bill if you look at the waiter.'

There follow at five o'clock the 'broiled fowl and mushrooms,' as appetizing in their way as 'the new Héloïse, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and cold chicken.' The Canterbury publican who charged the French Ambassador forty pounds for a supper that was not worth forty shillings is gathered to his fathers. Dover has profited by the example of the worthy Jones; the paddle-packet is alongside the pier, and the baggage transferred from the London coach, or maybe from a primitive Lord Warden, with a minimum of knavery.

A second bi-lingual guide-book, published during the Hundred Days, aspires to furnish travelers from Calais to Paris 'with the means of avoiding dullness.' Its readers must have been easily amused. It is poor stuff, but testifies to the changed conditions of the road under the First Empire. The diligence still takes three days and nights on the way, reaching in time for supper, the first day, Montreuil, beloved of Mr. Yorick, and destined sometime to be British G.H.Q.; Clermont between 10 and 11 P.M. the next day; and thence from Chantilly to Paris on the third. The pleasant inns, and the French *cuisine*, would have done more to relieve the tedium of the dilatory journey than all the guide-books, sententious and sentimental, put together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But henceforward the traveler ceases to chronicle the small beer of the Paris road. His raptures and reflections, his grumbles and grievances, are spread over a wider itinerary; the raptures and reflections taking form and shape on this side in a legion of 'Rambler Series'; the grumbles and grievances incorporated in letters to the *Times* more often posted than published. The tourist of the Paris road to-day is *sui generis*. He is there, as his grandfathers before him, on the brick *chaussée* that linked up Brussels with Waterloo, to learn for himself the nature of the four years' struggle to expel the invader. He is there to visit the scene of some titanic encounter, and to stand bareheaded by the cross which marks the resting-place of dearly beloved father or son. If he gives a thought at all to the towns *en route*, it is to those whose names have now become part and parcel of history, names burned in letters of fire into the hearts of the millions who have suffered, and, not least, of the people of North-eastern France, pitiful victims of the most ruthless and desolating of her many invasions.

Before the war, local *Syndicats Initiatifs* and the railway companies issued exquisitely printed booklets illustrated in the best French style, by three-color process or photography, on paper worth to-day its weight in silver. The picture guide-book was a seductive work of art, well calculated to fulfil its object of advertising the beauties of a beautiful province. The orthodox post-war guide to Picardy and Artois is less ornate, and sometimes useful only to index and identify the mounds of ruin and rubble, trench-scarred hillsides, and vast silent cemeteries which stretch four hundred miles, in unbroken line, from the mouth of the Yser to Bâle. The local guide — the guide to the battlefields — appears appropriately in monochrome; it is a severely practical document, usually written and edited by someone with a good knowledge of the terrain, which he has acquired on active service.

Before 1914 we looked to Germany for our guide-books, even for a tour in France, probably for the reason that 'Uncle Baedeker' translated himself conveniently into English. Our difficulties with the French tongue were notorious, though our confidence in ultimate victory, when the dark days came, was by no means based on the reasoning of Dean Ramsay's two old ladies of Stranraer. 'Dinna ye ken,' says one of them, 'the British aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle?' — 'But canna the French say their prayers as weel?' — 'Hoot! jabbering bodies,' was the reply, 'wha could understan' them?'

Comradeship in arms, community of interests, a common ideal, have taught us to adjust our views to an ampler horizon, and to realize the value of understanding the language of our Ally as the best means to grasp her mentality. We should choose the soldier, French or English, for our guide to the battlefields. But for the Paris road and all that lies about it, the plain unvarnished Guide-Joanne, *Le Nord*, is faithful and sufficient. If we trust to the Frenchman alone, he will pilot us to that real France which is so unlike the France of our and our ancestors' imagining, and those who have explored highways and byways, towns and hamlets, remote or near, realize that they owe the Joanne a lasting debt of gratitude.

With the help of these, and of the meticulous road-books and maps published by the Automobile and C. T. clubs, we cannot go far astray in our quest, whether it be of the eternal beautiful, the purely commercial, or, with the ramblers and Robert Louis Stevenson at their head, of the humors of the countless highways which have their end and achievement in the great hearts of Paris and London.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERMANY AND DEMOCRACY

BY GENEVIÈVE MAURY

From *La Revue de Genève, February*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

A curious and significant book was written during the war by Thomas Mann. It has just been published in Berlin under the title, *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* (Reflections of a Stranger to Politics). To judge by the number of editions exhausted since it appeared, a little more than a year ago, it has attracted much attention in Germany.

Mr. Mann has hitherto been known only as a novelist. He is a writer of great talent, one of the cleverest and most widely read which Germany has produced for twenty years. He is distinguished by gifts which are not peculiarly German: the power of keen psychological analysis, sureness and precision of style, an infallible sense of measure, good taste in humor, conciseness, ease, and variety. Neither is he purely German by blood, his grandmother having been a Brazilian. He himself asserts that before the war he regarded himself as a European rather than as a national man of letters.

When the war came it paralyzed Mann's creative faculties, and threw him into utter moral confusion. To this experience we owe the present book. It is not a book in the ordinary sense, as the author himself explains in his preface, but a sort of diary. It records day by day his problems of conscience, his swaying thoughts and alternating waves of feeling, until we have at last 'a true document, which the men of to-day, and even those of the future, may read with profit, if only as a sidelight upon history.'

Mann inquires: What am I? Whence have I come? Why am I what I am? Why have I neither the wish nor the ability to be different? His mental anguish over the war fairly cried out these questions. A man of the highest culture, a cosmopolitan of universal sympathies, he believed himself first of all a good European; and yet he suddenly discovered that he was a violent patriot. Although indifferent to any material advantage for his country, he longs ardently for Germany's victory. He cannot endure to see the morality of his country attacked. All of a sudden the enemy's mentality becomes hateful to him. He finds that he is more German than he supposed. The three great geniuses who presided over his spiritual growth, and whom he hitherto thought *super*-national, were also, he now discovers, truly German. They were Wagner, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche.

How, then, is the mentality of the German so opposite to that of the Frenchman or Briton?

Mann refuses to ascribe the war of 1914 to conflicting material interests and economic rivalry. For him it is the collision of two eternally opposed conceptions of life; the conception of the western nations on the one hand, and of the Germans on the other. He sees the Titanic struggle as the final hopeless revolt, perhaps the last 'protestation' of Germany against western ideals. It is a war of 'civilization' against a recalcitrant Germany.

Let us see, now, what these two hopelessly hostile life conceptions are.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Mann's opinion, western Europe incarnates civilization; Germany incarnates culture. The 'civilized' nations are those which have preserved the Roman tradition of the unity of Europe, and which strive toward governmental uniformity, as an ideal political state. The people of the western democracies are absorbed in politics. Political and social problems monopolize their thought, to the disparagement of artistic and spiritual problems. The western nations, as heirs of the eighteenth-century philosophy of Rousseau, believe — or imagine they believe — in reason, progress, human betterment through institutions, a coming era of justice, liberty, and eventual earthly bliss. In a word, they are democracies.

The German does not at heart have faith in this kind of salvation. The German believes only in spiritual life. His race is profoundly resistant to political concepts. It attaches but slight importance to external institutions. It does not worship civilization but culture. Its interest centres upon the inner things of life, — upon music, metaphysics, ethics. The Germans are pessimists, who do not lull themselves with an empty ideology, or intoxicate themselves with rhetoric. They are congenitally anti-radical and conservative.

This is why these Germans who try to make their country over into a democracy on the western model are utterly wrong. They are committing a crime against the soul of the race; for unconsciously they are laboring to denationalize it, to 'de-Germanize' it.

People have said that Germany is not ripe for democracy. It is not a question of ripeness, but of adaptation. Democracy is not suitable for Germany, because the German is congenitally averse to politics. Nietzsche, Wagner, all the great Germans, affirm this. Wagner said: 'Democracy is an imported notion in Germany. It exists only in the newspapers.' The rank and file of the German people are indifferent to domestic party controversies. They are at heart equally indifferent to matters of foreign policy. Their energy, their activity, their up-to-date industrial progress, forced them to deal much abroad. Bismarck was the pioneer in this path. Like Hamlet, a nation not born for action was compelled to act. Therein lies the tragedy of its fate.

No phase of democracy is truly at home in Germany. Its people do not believe in equality. Germany is naturally aristocratic. To be proud of obeying seems to have become a specific German sentiment. That normal instinct to serve, which the theory of the 'dignity of man' has destroyed in the western republics, is still a living force among the Teutons. The common people are not ready for power, they reason justly. Consider universal suffrage. It is based on a fundamental error; because the real will of the people may be something quite different from the sum total of the wills of the individuals who compose it. There is a metaphysical people, an organic part of the nation where its conscious spiritd wells and its true will resides. The accidental will of the masses is governed by the temporary interests of the present generation; but the will of the 'metaphysical people' serves the ultimate destiny of the race, and expresses itself by important acts in such great crises as war, when the interest of the moment are spontaneously sacrificed for the enduring interests of future generations.

It is a typically German notion — this distinction between a people and the individual atoms which compose it. The author insists that we distinguish between the metaphysical man and the social man. The Germans are averse to politics because they are primarily metaphysicians. Their conception of liberty is spiritual liberty. Therefore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany cannot express its soul through the institutions created by western individualism with its 'rights of man.' Luther and the Protestant Reformation aided powerfully to divert Germany from political interests and to concentrate its vision instead upon the problems of the soul. Politics seem to Germans a lower order of activity, where compromise is necessary, and therefore where absolute liberty is impossible.

Consequently Germany consistently strives to separate its spiritual life from its national life. It is disposed to turn political management over to a government, to an agency specially designed to handle these practical matters, in order that the people may concentrate themselves upon things which seem to them of higher value. Germans look upon government and politics the way the man of a family looks upon his wife's housekeeping. They regard politics as something to be entrusted to specialists.

As a matter of practical policy, Germany ought to adopt a sort of 'opportunist democracy,' in order to maintain its standing in the family of nations. Mann believes that in view of the large share which the common people have taken in the war, they should hereafter exercise more influence in political affairs. However, he would have Germany's future government different from conventional democracies, so that it might conform with the national genius. He would not have Germany a republic of middle class orators, like France.

It goes without saying that the author does not consider the incapacity of the Germans for democracy a mark of inferiority. The champions of democracy are wont to identify that institution with progress. Possibly it is a necessary step in the evolution of society; but that does not prove that society is better under democratic institutions than under any other kind. There is no such thing as absolute progress. German thought, deeply pessimistic as it is at heart, has divined this long since. An irreconcilable antagonism exists between the individual and society. The interests of the two can never harmonize. Men who claim otherwise are mere flatterers of the mob. They dangle before the eyes of the populace the seductive dream of a coming social state where 'every one will be well-off.' To be well-off, in the eyes of the people, is first and foremost to have plenty to eat and drink. What value would life have in such a society, inspired by no higher ideal than that of a 'cud-chewing cow?' True happiness is something purely relative and personal, independent of material conditions. 'Any form of society humanly possible may prove in the end a tolerable one; for through it all the deeper experiences of life may be obtained, all the relative effects of joy and sorrow, of pleasure and suffering.'

So Germans should not become enthusiastic for the reforms which are the religion of the western nation. Anti-radicalism is one of the most distinctive and well-marked qualities of the German mind. To that mind radicalisn is permissible only in the field of thought, of conventional morals, of individual comfort. Political radicalism invariably begets discontent and class hatred, producing an eternal round of alternating anarchy and tyranny.

The so-called 'enlightenment' so dear to the children of the French Revolution, likewise leaves the German mind cold. Rationalists shout: 'Give us justice, or truth, or liberty, though the world perish.' Now the German comprehends that truth is sometimes the enemy of life, and a profound instinct impels him in such cases to subordinate truth to life. Nietzsche was the first to question the invariable value of the loftiest moral principles as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guide to human conduct. He even doubted the worth of truth itself, putting the most radical psychologies at the service of an anti-radical and anti-nihilist will. Similarly Kant supplemented his radical theoretical philosophy — which destroyed all our accepted conventions — by a practical philosophy where absolute truth was discarded in favor of something more workable in every-day affairs.

Democracy claims to make reason and social virtue the mentors of human conduct. But the thought of erecting rationalism into an ideal inspires Mann with horror. Reason kills passion, it sterilizes, dissolves, dissociates. Where reason reigns art dies, and only psychology and letters flourish. Nothing could be less suitable for Germany, which is 'an unliterary land,' — a nation doomed never to express itself. Germany abhors the kind of psychology that dissects life and art to find out what they are. It is *par excellence* the conservative, the organizing, the rebuilding country. For its people virtue is something belonging to the person, to the soul. The alleged republican virtues are merely vain and hypocritical phraseologies. Mann cannot express forcibly enough his contempt for liberty, equality, fraternity, '*the great abstractions of the Phrygian cap!*' Moreover, what is to become of a human race which is governed only by virtue? Art would soon die. Art has no relation to virtue. It is 'an irrational power, but a mighty power; and the fact that men love it, proves that they will not and cannot be contented with pure reason alone.'

For similar reasons we must not expect war to cease. Democracy's champions promise the world permanent peace. Though the people are more pacific than their rulers, war is deeply rooted in human nature. 'Men do not consider civilization, progress, and safety, unqualified blessings. There exists in men a primitive heroic impulse which never dies; a profound longing for the terrible.' A society from which war had utterly disappeared would be a weakened, anæmic society, bereft of virility. Pacifists lament in the name of human sentiment the suffering caused by war. Mann says he is an enemy of brutality, that he has as lively a sentiment of pity as any one. However, he loathes the humanitarianism of western democracy. There is a humanity which 'goes of itself,' and which we unconsciously practise every day. But supreme crises come, when this every-day humanity no longer holds good. Pacifist sentimentalism ends by robbing life of its most admirable qualities, of its dignity, of its gravity, of its responsibility. It deprives existence of the 'tragic accent.' A man who truly honors, loves and venerates humanity must wish first of all that it remain complete, and therefore will not proscribe war.

This is the indictment which Mann brings against democratic ideals. Our brief and dry analysis fails utterly to convey the passionate patriotism, the accent of pride and of tortured revolt, the note of tragedy, which inspires the book. It reproduces nothing of its richness of expression, and the delicacy of certain of its distinctions. It is a book written by an artist tortured by his finer sentiments; who is too dominated by the circumstances of his environment to be just. Mann himself is conscious of this. He denies, however, that he has written solely under the inspiration of the war. The war has merely brought to the surface ideas which he has unconsciously cherished for a long period. They are not original with himself. He insists: 'I know that my aversions and my protests are not personal, mere petty things of the individual, a passing phase of sentiment; but that they spring from the soul of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my race, which expresses itself through me.' We do not propose to debate Mann's theories regarding democracy. It seems worth while, however, to call attention to this evidence, so forcibly expressed, of the German soul's antipathy for the great currents of modern opinion in the West.

Under the stress of war the Entente nations interpreted the psychology of their enemies too simply. It is a good thing to hear what a German himself has to say upon this subject. We are entitled to ask, however, how far Mann was right in identifying his personal aversions with those of his compatriots, and in affirming that his antipathies are part of the German soul. He affirms repeatedly that the democratic mind of the West can never acclimate itself in Germany. At the same time he admits elsewhere that this mind, which he abhors, is making conquests there, and he feels that he is already a man of the past in his own country. Is he not furthermore a poet of decadence? And does not an affection for dying things form one of the principal elements of his talent and personality? We do not share his regrets. *Reflections of a Stranger to Politics* will, in spite of the eminence of its author, but strengthen the desire of his readers to see the Germans completely reverse their attitude toward democracy.

Mann constantly tries to throw into relief his idea that the German mind naturally distinguishes between spiritual life and practical life, and to confine morality to the spiritual sphere and to relations between individuals. It is on this fundamental basis that he builds all the rest of this theory. That is a very just idea: Is it not in this psychological dualism that we must seek the constantly recurring error of the Westerner, whether he be French or Anglo-Saxon, when he tries to judge the German? Mann represents this attitude as a quality of mind. He considers it not only legitimate but fruitful. Even after the tragic events from which we are just emerging, he does not realize its dangers.

In his eyes the Great War is to be compared with some cosmic cataclysm. Now Germany is the only country which seems to have envisaged the war in this form. It has been deeply distressed by the obstinate refusal of its enemies to see that world-shattering event which, like all elementary forces has thrust itself resistlessly into our civilization, under that aspect; at their insistence upon making the war an affair of sentiment and morals — or even legal pettifogging — and upon adulterating it with notions of guilt and innocence, of justice and injustice. Mann adds: 'A large share of my patriotism is begotten and sustained by comparing the German conception of the inevitable tragedy of events, with the purely legal and moral interpretation given them by our enemies.'

He conceives war as a predestined process which follows its orbit 'in a sphere above good and evil,' and believes that 'public policies are directed and controlled by mechanical laws, which have their source outside of the human race and outside of the sphere of morals,' and which consequently are neither good nor evil. Who can fail to see that it is might and not right that rules the world? Is it not then revolting and stupid to make Germany the scapegoat of nations, merely because it has been more honestly pessimistic in its thinking and in its language than its enemies? Because it has been unable to intoxicate itself as they have with mere lofty rhetoric?

Moreover, the inability of the western nations to separate philosophy from politics, their perverse persistence in trying to apply their petty moral standards to the mighty movements of war,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have not prevented them in practice from conducting themselves in the same manner as Germany. Only they are not willing to avow the facts. They are either like the English, who possess the happy psychological knack of honestly confounding and reconciling morality with business, humanity with the exploitation of other nations, and virtue with utility; or else they are like the French, who have succeeded in persuading themselves naïvely that they are entirely innocent. But when sounded to the bottom this way of seeing things is but a lie. The democratic habit of mouthing mere words, like 'Truth,' 'Justice,' 'Liberty,' of dragging these highest conceptions of the human soul in the gutter of politics, excites only honest repugnance in the German mind. The self-complacent virtue of the western democrats, their pretensions to be the only moral beings, seem to Germans a 'great fake' and 'an impudent farce.'

It is striking to see how utterly Mann misconceives the habits of thought and feeling of alien nations. He so fails to comprehend them that he does not believe them sincere. And by a strange optical illusion, honesty to him is the sole possession of the Germans.

The real source of his error is that he does not discover that other nations lack the faculty peculiar to the German brain, of building thought-tight bulkheads between certain sections of its mind. Realist and anti-idealist though he may be, the German explains and extenuates his deeds after the event by purely mystical notions, which he calls 'war,' 'catastrophe,' 'necessity,' 'the metaphysical people.' These notions, he asserts, are too profound to be analyzed, and in their obscure recesses his country's thinkers unconsciously delude themselves with their own imaginings.

Such a method of reasoning would be impossible for the French mind, with its unsparing logic, its pitiless dissection of all its concepts. Social rather than mystical, the Gallic intellect makes principles the guide of social conduct. Its lucid vision perceives that justice, truth, loyalty to one's given word, are the indispensable bases of all relations between man and man, and between government and government. That explains the indignation of the French people at such a crime as the violation of Belgium's neutrality, an indignation far less artificial, and far more sincere and spontaneous and profound than Mann can ever conceive. Although the conduct of France and of its representatives is not always above attack, the nation as a whole neither desires nor believes possible aught else than cleanness and honesty as the basis of public life.

Mann exclaims: 'The presumption with which the Celto-Roman and the Anglo-Saxon democracy passed judgment upon Germany, and pretended to prescribe treatment for its betterment is puerile, grotesquely stupid'; and he makes bitter sport of the charges of barbarism brought against his country. What would you have? Progress, modernism, youth, genius, up-to-dateness? Were they not all on Germany's side in 1914? Was not Germany the best-governed country? Did it not enjoy more real liberty than the French Republic, for instance, where corruption, scandal, favoritism, anarchy, and all the abuses of democracy were rampant? Was not Germany's intellectual conservatism at heart more revolutionary than the conservatism of 'immortal principles' which its enemies professed?

No, the moral level of Germany was not inferior to that of the Entente nations in 1914. This is unquestionable. If it dishonored itself morally by the war, is this due chiefly to its having built up an impervious barrier between its spiritual life and its political life, and to its having abdicated its authority

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over its own government? How can any one be blind to the danger which any nation incurs when it ceases to interest itself in its public affairs, and entirely turns over the care of its interests and its foreign relations to a few individuals? The only safeguard against such a tragic error is democracy, no matter how many drawbacks democracy may have. Mann is unwilling to admit that Germany had 'masters.' He asserts that the country's rulers led it in the course which the people willed. Grant this, and you are forced to assume that the German people as a whole have fallen victims to materialism, to that negation of public morals of which we reap the fearful fruits to-day.

A critic wrote some years ago, in referring to Thomas Mann: 'German culture is based on sentiment and the emotions; French culture is based on judgment and discernment.' This appropriately characterizes the quality of Mann's book. Undoubtedly it is desirable in the interest of the richness and variety of European life, that the German should continue true to his native type; but it is still more desirable, for the peace of the world, without which life will henceforth become impossible, that the Germans should learn to exercise their judgment and discernment with more effect; above all, in the sphere where it is indispensable — the sphere of public life.

THE RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF H. G. WELLS. I

BY A. E. BAKER

From *The Church Quarterly Review, April*
(London Theological Journal)

Mr. Wells tells us that he was brought up in the atmosphere of Evangelical Christianity, and it is clear that the main religious influence of his childhood was Nonconformist rather than Anglican. Nobody who had not himself suffered it would ever hate and despise the crude theology, the illiterate preaching, the vulgar, unimaginative worship, of the more impossible type of little chapel, with quite such cold determination as Mr. Wells shows. Two things stand out clearly in his memories of Evangelicalism: the emphasis on Eternal Punishment, and the emotion with which the blood-symbolism of the doctrine of the Atonement is surrounded. What he calls 'the idiom of barbaric sacrifices, of slaughtered lambs, and fountains of precious blood (an idiom which he thinks may have been borrowed from Mithraism) is, he tells us, most repulsive to him. But during the last few years his newly quickened sense of the reality of religious experience and the fundamental importance of conversion have led him to understand that behind the vivid symbolic language of the Salvation Army, and similar sects, is a religious experience which sometimes works real changes in the will and life of the believer.

In the doctrine of hell, as it was taught by the Evangelicalism of his childhood, he has never discovered any meaning or value. He speaks of it as 'God's mockery of his own creation,' a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'cosmic jest,' the 'coming "Yah, clever,"' when 'the lucky, the bold and the cheerful' will be 'served out' and 'shown up.' And Mr. Wells, having first of all taken all these things quite seriously, presently with an equal seriousness flung them out of his mind.

When I was still only a child of thirteen [he writes] by the grace of the true God within me, I flung this Lie out of my mind; and for many years, until I came to see that God himself had done this thing for me, the name of God meant nothing to me but the hideous scar in my heart where a fearful demon had been.

. . . Mr. Wells nowhere speaks of Anglicanism with the 'bitter condemnation' that he pours upon the chapels. But neither in his youth nor at any later time did the Church of England win the allegiance of his intellect. His attitude toward it has always been cold and critical, when he is not merely amused. He sees it as a characteristic product of the compromising side of the Reformation; not of what he calls 'the Reformation according to the common man,' the revolt of the people against the church's weaknesses and irreligion, but of 'the Reformation according to the Princes,' who objected to the Church's power, and wanted to put the authority of the prince in the place of that of the Pope.

The Church of England 'is still sacramental and sacerdotal; but its organization centres in the Court and the Lord Chancellor, and though subversive views may and do break out in the lower and less prosperous ranks of its priesthood, it is impossible for them to struggle up to any position of influence and authority.' It seems extraordinary to him that anyone can believe that the Anglican compromise is the final truth of religion. And the brilliant portrait of what one must admit to have been a characteristic product of the Establishment, the 'County Anglican' lady, proud, rude, ignorant, and dogmatic, is true enough to make some of us smile on the wrong side of our mouths.

Mr. Wells sees the fine old buildings of the Church standing like shells, like empty skulls from which the life has fled, the soul of our race in exile from the home and place our fathers built for it. The clergy he describes as 'narrow-witted parsons besieged by narrow-souled dissenters,' ready enough to offer their services, to say their large flat amiabilities over people, but too honest to force their poor platitudes where they are not sure they will be acceptable (if only they had the certain balm, he says, how gladly would they give it!). But they conduct public worship in unfamiliar garments, and their vestments, their altars, and their pulpits stand between the people and the idea of God; the service is singing and bowing and hearing sonorous prayers and joining in sonorous responses. The total effect of it all is to make God unfamiliar, unreal, divorced from common life. . . .

And yet, when full allowance has been made for the faults and shortcomings of the ancient Church of England, it must be insisted that Mr. Wells's description of it is a short-sighted and external one, is, indeed, little better than a caricature. During the last hundred years the revival of the Church's life has been startling in its thoroughness; to-day its leaders are aware of the obligations laid on the Church by God, and are anxious to understand and satisfy the need of the times.

The times we live in are fast discountenancing Mr. Wells's criticism of the clergy. As a body they are diligent and sincere, not by any means the most narrow-minded class in the community, and less self-seeking than they are commonly credited with being. The weaknesses of the Church of Eng-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land are the weaknesses of the English character. But it is not fair to judge it by its weaknesses. It is still a school for saints, it is catholic in ideal and intention, eager to serve the people, thinking more of its duties than of its rights, striving to use the treasury of its great tradition to serve the great needs and the great ideals of the new world that is being born.

Mr. Wells is very civil to the Quakers. 'Quakerism in its beginnings,' he says, quite truly, 'was a very fine and wonderful religion indeed, a real research for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.' But he has less patience with Catholicism. Judged by that hope of the unity of mankind which is, to him, the Pole Star of true religion, Catholicism seems to come short. It is possible, indeed, to quote

> 'I am the Vine and ye are the Branches,' but look at the Church itself. Don't look at the formula but at the practice and the daily teaching. Is it truly a growing Vine? The reality of Catholicism . . . [is] a traditional, sacramental religion, a fetish religion with a specialized priest; the mass is its central mystery, it is concerned primarily with another world, it sets its face against any conception of a scheme of progress in this. All good Catholics sneer at progress. Take Belloc and Chesterton, for example; they hate the idea of men working steadily for any great scheme of effort here. They hold by stagnant standards, planted deep in the mud of life. It's a different species of mind from ours; it has its head and its feet turned backward. What is the good of expecting the Pope, for instance, and his Church to help us in creating a League of Nations! His aim would be a world-agreement to stop progress. . . . He wants peace in order to achieve nothing. . . . A Catholic League of Nations would be a conspiracy of stagnation, another Holy Alliance.

In some circles this will sound very plausible. It is not certain, unfortunately, that the Papal claim to temporal power and infallibility, and the trust to a 'closed revelation' will not make the Roman Church a bulwark of reaction. But now that Mr. Wells has really faced the story of what Catholicism has achieved in Europe, he would probably not write so confidently in condemnation of it. By his own testimony, at the heart of the Catholic system, stained as the latter has been with violence and folly, intrigue and crime, there has lived on the spirit of Jesus, inspiring countless men and women to unselfish and devoted lives, and making a better world possible. . . .

. . . The criticism of Catholicism in *Joan and Peter* is too external, and too sweeping, to bear examination. It reveals a Mr. Wells who is not always willing to credit those who differ from him with the intellectual honesty, the spiritual sincerity, and the genuine search after religion which he knows he possesses himself. The charges of bigotry and formalism which Catholic and Protestant hurl at each other (and there is a good deal of the old Protestant left in Mr. Wells) only mean that each side must learn to put the most spiritual, rational, and human meaning on the institutions and prayers of the other.

Catholicism is too universal, its boundaries are not sufficiently defined, for any such slap-dash characterization to be even approximately just. It is impossible to damn a civilization with an epigram. In spite of its inconsistencies, of the varied spiritual and intellectual levels which are its glory and divinity, though from outside they appear its weakness, there is in Catholicism a real sense of the authority of the corporate conscience, a memory and a hope of Christendom as a unity. The reality of 'sacramental religion' is the material world redeemed to express a religion of love; the 'other world,' fully known only in and through a concrete, particular, immediate experience of the present; a fellowship offering itself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in union with his self-offering who gave Himself to win unity of man with man through the unity of God and man. Newman, Gladstone, Manning, Charles Gore, Dolling, and Robert Cecil are as good Catholic names as Belloc and Chesterton. They stand for a direction and spirit in human life which make Mr. Wells's talk of reaction and stagnation look like Twelfth-of-July propaganda. Unless he can find some central place in his ideal, and in his work for it, for the best there is in Catholicism, he is postponing the World Republic to the Greek Kalends.

The next notable influence on the mind of Mr. Wells has been Natural Science. He studied biology under Huxley, who is almost the only Victorian of whom he always speaks with respect; and took the B.Sc. degree with first-class honors. Then, after various experiences as a teacher, he took to journalism, and became a friend of Grant Allen and Edward Clodd. This sound scientific learning, and the influence of such scientific men, is at the root of his impatience with muddled thinking and slipshod, rule-of-thumb work, whether in politics, or education, or life. It reveals itself in his religion as an instinctive, unflinching acceptance of the divinity of Law. To-day, when God has revealed Himself to him, he will hold no parley with the idea that any setting-aside of natural law, any *miracle* in that sense of the word, is either possible or desirable. There are still people who think that God will interfere with the ordinary course of nature in order to favor those who pray to Him, or live as He wishes them to, or to punish those who are ungodly, or who neglect their religious duty. Mr. Wells seems nearer to the teaching of our Lord, that God sends his rain on the just and the unjust, and causes his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, when he tells us that the righteous cannot expect such favors: —

> It is an idle dream. But God will be with you nevertheless. In the reeling aeroplane or the dark ice-cave, God will be your courage. Though you suffer or are killed, it is not an end. He will be with you as you face death; he will die with you as he has died already countless millions of brave deaths. He will come so close to you that at the last you will not know whether it is you or he who dies, and the present death will be swallowed up in victory.

Mr. Wells's denial of the Christian doctrine of immortality is the result of biological ideas, and deductions from them. At first sight it may seem meaningless to say, if I am not immortal, that God will come so close to me that the present death will be swallowed up in victory. But Mr. Wells believes that God lives in and through the life of the race, and that, compared with that racial life, the individual has no more permanence than has a single cell in the human body compared with the life of that body. We are only incidents in the life of the race, experiments in its growing knowledge and consciousness. His study of biology has taught him the reality of the species; it has a life, growth, adventures of its own. Nature seems so careful of the type, and so careless of the individual life; and, unlike Tennyson, Mr. Wells is quite content that it should be so: —

> My idea of the unknown scheme [he says] is of something so deep and wide that I cannot conceive it encumbered by my egotism perpetually. I shall serve my purpose, and pass under the wheel, and end. That distresses me not at all. Immortality would distress and perplex me.

Just because the best things any mortal has are those which every mortal shares, the only things which can have the quality of immortality — the eternal, absolute things — must be general,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like Plato's Ideas. The individual and all that he has and is are evanescent.

'The great things of my life,' says Mr. Wells, 'love, faith, the intimations of beauty, the things most savoring of immortality [are] the things most general, most shared, and least distinctively me.'

He recognizes quite clearly that this has the authority of a personal conviction. 'This is, after all, what I feel is true and what I choose to believe. It is not a matter of fact.' It is a 'judgment of value,' and when it comes to that, it is possible to deny entirely the truth of what Mr. Wells says. . . .

We cannot consent to be fobbed off with loose pseudo-mystical analogies between the human race and an organism. For the more perfect an organism is, the more permanent and completely differentiated are its parts. To put it plainly, the individual and the species are not incompatible conceptions; on the contrary, the more individual men and women are developed, the richer their individualities, the more complete and permanent their relations with absolute and eternal things, the more (and not, as Mr. Wells seems to think, the less) is the significance of the whole human race. The contrast, so common in late-Victorian Christian writers, between self-development and service, is quite unreal.

The first description of Mr. Wells's attitude toward Theism, as distinct from that of the characters in his novels, occurs in a remarkably able and interesting book called *First and Last Things, A Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life*, first published in 1907. His religion at that time can be fairly described as a hesitating agnosticism, which reluctantly decides against faith in God because of the unsatisfactory meanings which 'the run of people' put into the words. Occasionally, he says, we may best serve the God of truth by denying him. And yet in the same book he describes a religious experience which is very precious to him: —

> At times in the silence of the night, and in rare lonely moments, I come upon a sort of communion of myself and something great that is not myself. It is perhaps poverty of mind and language that obliges me to say that then this universal scheme takes on the effect of a sympathetic person, and my communion a quality of fearless worship. These moments happen, and they are the supreme fact of my religious life to me; they are the crown of my religious experience.

But, in 1907, he declined to call himself a believer because, as the hero says in *The Research Magnificent*, 'God is a word that covers a multitude of meanings.'

The change from the reluctant agnostic of 1907 to the fervent apostle of *God, the Invisible King*, in 1917 is a process that has been accelerated by the war, but that was noticeably taking place before the war. There were four elements in the process. First, the interest which Mr. Wells shared with so many people of the latter half of the nineteenth century — men, for example, so different as Sir Charles Dilke and William Morris — in Utopias and ideal constitutions and perfect states. Secondly, his perception that the spread of scientific knowledge, and the shrinkage of the world of men under the influence of the telegraph, the telephone, and international finance, make it easy to speak of 'the mind of the race,' and give meaning to such a conception as a world-wide public opinion. There was, before the war, an increasing 'collective mind.' Thirdly, his perception, even before the war broke out, that the only safeguard against war is the recognition of a real world-wide supra-national authority, a League of Nations. Fourthly, all these elements in his thought were quickened by the war, and were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fused, by some kind of religious experience of God's immediate helpfulness, into an unshakable conviction of the certain coming to power of God, the invisible king and helper and saviour of mankind. Some quotations may make this development clear.

The Mind of the Race was the main subject of a fantasia entitled *Boon, by Bliss*, published in 1914. This book was pseudonymous, but is quite clearly by Mr. Wells. One passage in that book is as follows: —

> Every man who writes to express or change or criticize an idea, every man who observes and records a fact in the making of a research, every man who hazards or tests a theory, every artist of any sort who really expresses, does thereby, in that very act, participate, share in, becomes, for just that instant when he is novel and authentically *true*, the Mind of the Race, the thinking divinity. . . .

An earlier reference to this conception of The Mind of the Race occurred in *The Passionate Friends*, and there it is directly connected with the hope and prophecy of the new World-Republic:

> Human thought has begun to free itself. . . . It becomes a collective mind, a collective will toward achievement, greater than individuals, or cities, or kingdoms, or peoples. . . . We find ourselves, in spite of ourselves, in spite of quarrels and jealousies and conflicts, helping and serving in the making of a new world-city, a new greater State above our legal states, in which all human life becomes a splendid enterprise, free and beautiful . . . whose scheme is the towering conquest of the universe, whose every little detail is the wrought-out effort of a human soul.
>
> The Kingdom of God on earth [says Mr. Wells] is not a metaphor, nor a mere spiritual state, not a dream, not an uncertain project—it is the thing before us, it is the close and inevitable destiny of mankind.

It, the world-republic, the Kingdom of God the rightful king of all men, is the only legitimate and ultimate authority in the whole world. All other governments are subordinate governments, or usurping, rebel governments. If we are to save the world from war, we must transfigure the world into a theocracy.

But this conception of the coming Kingdom of God is not only a matter which concerns international politics, and the related or antagonistic policies of rival empires; it is a matter which concerns each individual. It is going to bring a new governing motive, a regulating ideal, into the life of each of us. We may think of God as on the Great White Throne, but it is also important to remember that He is not far from any one of us. More than once Mr. Wells quotes 'Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands or feet.' . . .

The rule of the Invisible King will give a new high motive to the doctor, or the schoolteacher, or the public official; it will add a new seriousness to the career of the journalist or the lawyer; it will transform the spirit of every single one of those relations that go to make up our lives.

> God takes all. He takes you, blood and bones and house and acres, he takes skill and influence and expectations. For all the rest of your life you are nothing but God's agent. If you are not prepared for so complete a surrender, then you are infinitely remote from God. You must go your way. Here you are merely a curious interloper. Perhaps you have been desiring God as an experience, or coveting him as a possession. You have not begun to understand.

In *The War and the Future*, Mr. Wells indicates how he expects this ideal of a world-wide Kingdom of God to begin to take effect in common life: —

> We need a common end that will establish a standard for every conceivable issue, to which, that is, every conceivable issue can be subordinated; and what common end can there be in all the world except this idea of the world-wide kingdom of God?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . We need a standard so universal that the plate-layer may say to the barrister or the duchess, or the Anzac soldier to the Sinn Feiner or the Chinaman, 'What are we two doing for *it?*' And to fill the place of that 'it' no other idea is great enough or commanding enough, but only the world kingdom of God.

The time draws near when this kingdom will be set up. The Kingdom of God is at hand. 'Mankind will awake and the dreams of nationalities and strange loyalties will fade away, and there will be no nationality in all the world but humanity, and no king, no emperor, nor leader, but the one God of mankind.'

That is his faith. He is as certain of this as he was in 1900 that men would presently fly. To him it seems as if it *must* be so. 'Through all the stupidities of the great war, God the captain of the world-republic is fighting his way to Empire. . . . He fights through men against brute force and might and non-existence. He is the end. He is the meaning. He is the only King.'

What is to be said of this conception of a world-republic ruled over by the Invisible King who dwells in the heart of every one of us? What are its resemblances to, and differences from, the Christian hope of the Kingdom of God? This idea certainly brings with it the challenge of a noble inspiration. The man who will speak so bravely to all the many thousands whom Mr. Wells can reach is a benefactor to mankind, and deserves the gratitude of all men of good-will.

But there are two questions that must be asked. First, considering this conception as a practical cure for the ills of mankind, how does it differ from a world-wide socialism? It is true that it will do away with the evils which arise from the existence of many kings, of many sovereign states — rivals, jealous of each other, warring against each other. But what will it do to cure the evils which exist inside the state, the restraints upon individual liberty, the danger that the humble and unimportant will be oppressed, their needs forgotten, their rights overlooked, when there is only one government in all the world? What safeguards are there that there will be any freedom at all in this new mystical great state of Mr. Wells's? Our Lord's vision of the Kingdom of God had elements which Mr. Wells's lacks. He foresaw a kingdom whose King is a Father. To Him each individual is a person of unique, eternal importance, with a place in God's heart, destined to a place on God's throne that no other can fill. Mr. Wells's denial of personal immortality implies a very real weakness in his conception of the Kingdom of God. It is too much like pre-revolutionary Prussia, where the State was all, and the individual was nothing. Certainly it will not bear comparison with the Christian ideal as expressed in the practice and teaching of Jesus, Who neither ignored the hopes and ideals of the individual in his service of, and thought for, humanity, nor narrowed or lowered his ideal for the race in his passionate sympathy with the immediate needs of the actual men and women among whom He lived.

The other question which we must ask about Mr. Wells's conception of the Kingdom of God is, What kind of God does Mr. Wells believe in? What kind of King is there to be in this Kingdom? What will his triumph mean? Upon that, of course, depends the quality and desirability of his Kingdom. If Christ speaks of the Kingdom of God, it has been remarked, the King is more than the Kingdom. But it is not unfair to say that sometimes Mr. Wells writes as if the Kingdom were more important, and more definite, than the King. God, indeed, seems little more than the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

collective mind and purpose of the race.

He is a Being in the minds and of the minds of men . . . he exists in time, just as a current of thought may do . . . he changes and becomes more, even as a man's purpose gathers itself together . . . somewhere in the dawning of mankind he had a beginning, an awakening; and as mankind grows, he grows. With our eyes he looks out upon the universal he invades, with our hands he lays hands upon it. . . . He is the undying human memory, the increasing human will.

Essentially, Mr. Wells's God is the mind of the race, the common purpose, a vague personification of a generalized ideal of unity and humanitarian sentiment. It has been rather cruelly, but acutely, described as 'Comtism window-dressed.' The following sentences certainly do not contradict such a description: —

Intellectually, there is hardly anything more than a certain will to believe, to divide the religious man who knows God to be utterly real, from the man who says that God is merely a formula to satisfy moral and spiritual phenomena. The former has encountered him, the other has as yet found only unassigned impulses. One says God's will is so, the other that Right is so. One says God moves me to do this or that; the other, the Good-Will in me which I share with you and all well-disposed men, moved me to do this, or that. But the former makes an exterior reference and escapes a risk of self-righteousness.

We must not overlook the truth of this last sentence; but when Mr. Wells goes on to say that it is a secondary matter whether we call God 'Man's great achievement,' or 'The Son of Man,' or 'the God of Mankind,' or 'God,' we are reminded of Mazzini's dictum that Comte's *Être Suprême* is an *empty word.*

PHILOSOPHER OR MYSTIC?

BY RICHARD HERBERTZ

[*The following criticism of the thesis of Rabindranath Tagore's discourses during his late visit to Switzerland is by a professor of philosophy at Berne University.*]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, May* 20
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Rabindranath Tagore, the poet-philosopher and religious prophet of India, has just concluded a brilliant and successful lecture tour in Switzerland. He also attended numerous receptions and ceremonies, where he charmed the public. All who came in contact with this grave and lofty mind, this wise man of the East, half people's priest and half sage; whoever listened to the message of peace from his lips and touched the hem of his spiritual garment, felt instinctively: His message of peace is a high and holy thing to this man, which his conscience bids him carry from the divine tranquillity of his Indian groves to war-mutilated, soul-shattered Europe. Even the most critical do not doubt the purity of his motives, or the candor and uprightness of his intent. It is characteristic of the strange rapture which this inspired man produced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in his hearers, that even when, half-praying, half-chanting, — fluting like an Oriental bird, — he interwove Sanskrit verses with his lectures, the mystic rhythm and melody of this unknown language stirred the listeners to the very depths of their souls. A spirit of consecration had descended upon this prophet and his message.

It is precisely because of this that I have been moved to study so critically his teachings. To belittle the direct impression he produced would be coarse and almost sacrilegious. But I feel it a duty to write what follows, lest pious respect and veneration for the man himself betray us into an uncritical acceptance of what we are morally obligated, in justice to ourselves, to qualify or reject. Enthusiasm is evanescent, and all emotional mental states are transitory.

First, let us observe that, if Tagore's hopes of the fruits we shall gather from a union of European science and speculation with Indian mysticism and meditation come true, it will reverse the conclusions of all earlier students. Qualified European judges of Indian thought have hitherto held the opposite.

Herman Oldenberg writes: —

> Many an admirer may well feel, even today, that what Schopenhauer's overwrought fancy foretold, will come to pass, and Sanskrit literature will enrich and deepen our intellectual life, as did Greek classic literature during the Renaissance. Such hopes have hitherto proved delusive, and they will continue to do so. India's philosophers deal with too ethereal substances for us — dreams, visions, Icarus flights. Their philosophy is making its first baby steps compared with positive science, which obeys sternly the laws of reality and thereby makes them its servant. These speculative thinkers lack the discipline which the stern school of science gives. Such philosophers are brothers of the Indian poets. In the same way that the images of Indian poetry are over-elaborated and adorned, until they seem to vanish in the infinite, so these thinkers clothe the creatures of their mind — one might say the fictions of their exaggerated imagination — with a disguise of over-refined dialectic. It is an impressive spectacle for the Western mind; but, alas, a spectacle, and nothing more.

Paul Deussen, one of the greatest admirers and most conscientious interpreters of Indian philosophy, characterizes it as something entirely alien to us, like a creature of another planet fallen from the skies. It is utterly different, utterly at variance with the Occidental habits of thought. India is, as Lassen writes in his Indian archæology, a world in itself, as its geographical isolation suggests. Karl Joël holds that the Indian sages do not bring us a new world; that they do not go to the Ganges to draw from its waters, but only to observe themselves reflected in its bosom. 'Consequently the Indians are not, for us, classical models, but romantic dream-painters, and it is romance which has aroused our interest in them.'

Have all these students been mistaken? Will contact with this alien, Oriental world save us from the 'decline and fall of Western civilization' so truly predicted by both licensed and unlicensed oracles? What Rabindranath Tagore tells us in his lectures, and in his book, *Sadhana, the Way to Fulfillment*, which is regarded as the most philosophical of his works, has not convinced me that these critics are in error. Quite the contrary. I feel certain that it would seriously endanger, and perhaps ruin, European civilization, were we to adopt Tagore's teachings. This much at least is certain. If Tagore is right, we must repudiate and abandon as false the Hellenic idea, which has hitherto guided the intellectual history of Europe, and to which our race owes all its previous progress. Joël's sentence, 'To return to the Greeks is to advance,' would in that case be the reverse of true; and instead, every step

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we took away from Greece, from the humanist conception of life and culture, would be real progress. We must choose between the Greek command, to mould our own character and destiny, and the Indian ideal of self-extension until we merge with the universe; between the Greek belief that the personality springs from the mother earth, from our self-formed conception of the world, — Antean strength, — and the Indian idea of stretching even wider our circle of thought and feeling until we lose our identity in cosmic ecstasy. Greeks and Indians cannot divide between them the intellectual paternity of Europe. It must be either Athens or Bombay.

Tagore himself feels that. He begins his book, *Sadhana, the Way to Fulfillment*, with an argument against the culture of the ancient Greeks, which in his opinion 'developed within city walls' so that all modern European civilizations have 'a cradle of stone and mortar.' — 'Such walls leave deep traces in the spirits of men. They imprint upon us from our birth the idea: "Divide and conquer." Therefore we seek to safeguard our attainments by fortifying them and dividing them off from one another.' We thus arrive at our ideal, 'power to possess.' We reproach nature because we must win our living from her by the sweat of our brow. We seek to surpass our fellow men, pushing them aside so that we may reach a higher place from which we can look down upon them. In opposition to this Tagore preaches the ideal of 'power of union,' which comes from recognizing our identity with the All. Union with God in nature becomes the ultimate end and highest fulfillment of humanity. 'By laying exclusive emphasis upon action and acquisition, the Occident has learned to worship power. It is as if men had made up their minds to seize everything by force. They wish always to be doing, and never merely to be.'

Such reproaches are familiar to Western ears. We have been hearing them from China, which is resisting the Greek gift of Western culture. A Chinese philosopher, Ku Hung Ming, condemns our civilization as bereft of constructive moral power. At bottom that civilization recognizes only the authority of force, not the authority of consent. This idea is so thoroughly incorporated in our police system and our militarism, that Carlyle aptly said: 'Modern Europe is anarchy *plus* gendarmes.' What Tagore calls Europe's worship of power, of 'the power to possess,' Ku Hung Ming calls jingoism — a false, pernicious militarism, which not only dominates the army and navy, but also holds complete possession of our intellectual life; so that education has become a drill, and all higher activities of mind have degenerated into mere intellectual competitions.

I am the last person in the world to deny the force of the tremendous indictment the Orient here brings against the Occident. Our civilization has not stood the test. It is only too true that Europe must be healed. But the remedy should not be worse than the ill it is to cure. What Tagore thinks he has found and the Occident has lost, what India has retained and is to bestow again on us, he calls 'pure cognition.'

Nietzsche says in *Zarathustra*, 'What I mean by pure cognition is to demand nothing of phenomena, but merely to let them pass before me as if I were a mirror with a hundred eyes.' But this Zarathustra might also teach the Buddha, that it is the curse of those who apprehend by pure cognition — of the 'perfectly knowing' — that they produce no fruit. But no, we slander Buddha here. Tagore cautions us: 'I warn my listeners against the false idea that the teachers of India preach — renunciation of the world and of self, which leads only to the sterile empti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of negation.' Hitherto we have misunderstood the conception of Nirvana. It is not absolute negation of existence. To use Schopenhauer's language, it consists in perceiving the error of 'the principle of individuality,' and thus liberating consciousness of the illusions and exaggerations of the ego, by submerging this ego in the All. 'If a man believes he will find God by fleeing the world, when and where does he hope to find Him? We must endeavor to achieve a mental task which at first seems to us impossible: to extend the individual consciousness until it embraces the universal consciousness. This attainment does not destroy and obliterate the objective content of the individual consciousness, upon which all civilization rests, but does precisely the reverse, and first gives meaning to that content. He who loses himself, finds himself. It follows that all intellectual attainment, and with it all culture, is derived from pure cognition. This power does not seize things in order to possess them, but identifies itself with things. It asks nothing of phenomenal existence; but lets it pass before the mind as if the latter were a mirror with a hundred eyes!'

What a dazzling illusion! What a seductive mirage! We have a similar dazzling and seductive fallacy in contemporary European thought. It is that philosophy of life which attempts to fathom the meaning of human existence by the utmost intensity of living. It decries all theory, and insists that life can be understood only by plunging headlong into its very depths, by submerging in its charm and bitterness, in its joy and passion. The deepest philosophy of life is life itself. To live life to the full — *ausleben* — has thus become a philosophical recipe.

Where does the fallacy in this philosophy of life lie? In its failure to recognize where the sphere of the mind, where reason and meaning, where all real objectivity and, therefore, all culture reside. Culture is a world poised between three spheres; nature, mind, and experience. Your modern European philosopher of life seeks culture solely in experience. He does not perceive that this experience must first derive substance from the sphere of nature, and then, by assimilating that, and as the fruit of the mutual action of mind and nature, must engender an intellectual content of ideas, something objective and necessarily distinct and apart from either nature or experience. That is culture.

Tagore and his Indian philosophy recognize that experience alone is irrational and worthless, that only by surrendering our minds wholly to nature do we awaken the intellectual reaction from which moral culture springs. But he overlooks the fact that the mere act of this surrender, taken by itself, is irrational and sterile. To dream in the silent forests, to yield one's self completely to all-pervading and all-soothing nature, may be a high act of devotion, but it yields no objective intellectual content of ideas. We may lament this. We may mourn with Schiller, 'The soul speaks, ah, the soul speaks thus no more.' But such laments and regrets yield no intellectual fruits. To experience does not mean to understand. Experience is neither rehearsing life, nor entering into the soul of life. Neither is it that 'intellectual *rapport*' upon which Bergson lays so much stress, and with which Tagore largely sympathizes. I mean that rapport by virtue of which one places himself at the heart of things in order to comprehend their distinguishing and inexpressible quality.

Even this, however, is not understanding, and it does not beget culture. To understand means to comprehend the necessity by virtue of which a certain moral or mental concept proceeds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a definite individual experience. The reaction between individual experience and nature is the highest and purest source of such necessary moral and mental concepts. It is thus that the treasures of thought and culture are created, forming a new sphere poised between the three worlds of nature, of individual experience, and of the intellect; belonging wholly to none of these worlds, but inseparably connected with each of them. The human intellect, that which identifies a man as an individual, never manifests itself in the two spheres where his soul touches nature. It is something utterly alien and new in respect to those spheres.

Tagore himself admits: 'The selfhood of man is the only thing that the great King of the universe does not overshadow with His throne, that is left free. . . . God has abdicated His sovereignty over man's mind. His armed forces, the laws of nature, stand guard on man's frontier.' It is precisely at this point, where man becomes master of himself and extricates himself from both nature and his own experience, so as to rise above them, that *Kultur* begins. At that point cognition ceases to be 'pure cognition.' Man, the thinker, the possessor of *Kultur*, has emerged from his Edenic innocence. He has tasted the fruit of knowledge. He has been driven forth from the paradise of passive experience and of mad surrender to nature. Henceforth he must earn his bread — his intellectual bread included — by the sweat of his brow. From this point, 'power to possess' supplants the 'power of union,' which sufficed in paradise. In paradise there was no *Kultur*. Conversely, there is no paradise in the domain of *Kultur*. Alas for Europe, if it listens to the magic song of those Oriental birds of paradise, which ever escape our vision, but warble to us of contemplation and pure cognition. For these contemplaters are, in truth, deluders!

A RED GUARDIST'S NARRATIVE. II

BY C. S.

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, *April* 1, 3, 24
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

One day stands out clearly in my memory — the first of May, the greatest anniversary in Soviet Russia. A proclamation had come from Moscow saying that the Russian people had won complete liberty and therefore the first of May would not be celebrated by stopping work, but by working a little extra for the government. Just fancy a bourgeois administration suggesting that! No one was to work for his own profit but only in the service of the community. Everybody must do something, men and women, high and low. Roads were repaired, gutters cleared of the year's accumulation of filth, and other such work performed. The first thing in the morning shovels and spades were dealt out to the accompaniment of music. Then our labor started. Near our barracks was a gutter which had been overflowing with filth and garbage for a long time. That was cleaned out by a class from the Krasnojarsk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Girls' High School. It was an odd sight to see the elegantly clad young maidens with satin shoes and kid gloves puttering around with spades and shovels in that gutter. We were ordered to take our wagons and haul off the stuff they heaped up. Sharing this labor with high-school girls is one of the funniest memories of my period of service. At noon, all of the people were given an extra bread allowance, and that was the only thing that lent real interest to the job. That evening, an official celebration was held at the Proletariat Club and an immense crowd was present. Every one wanted a ticket for all who attended got a cup of black coffee with sugar and a piece of bread. I was rather disappointed with the meeting. I expected something ultra-revolutionary, and it turned out to be nothing more than one of the old imperial celebrations made over for the occasion. First there were speeches, and after each speech, three cheers for the World Revolution. Between the speeches the band played the International and everybody stood at attention. But the great success of the evening was, naturally, the coffee, sugar, and bread.

I must mention one person, because he was about the most interesting man in that part of Siberia at the time, and because he is typical of the whole government. This was our first brigadier, who, like myself, was a former Austrian army officer. I knew him well from the time we were prisoners together, and associated with him a great deal after joining the Red Army. Naturally, the fact that I was only a teamster, and he a brigadier, created no gulf between us, for we were 'comrades.' When not on duty, all ranks stood on an absolutely equal plane, though naturally people of similar education and tastes grouped together. This gentleman entered the army when he was twenty years old, an unusually young and competent lieutenant. Almost immediately he was captured. He possessed an unbounded ambition. He intended to get ahead, no matter how; so long as he thought the Central Powers would win, he was an ultra-Austrian patriot, devoted to the emperor. When the emperor was overthrown, and the prisoners were all enthusiastic for a time over joining Austria with Germany, he became a Nationalist. Except for his instability of opinions, he was a very exceptional man. I seldom have met a person so gifted and with so much personal magnetism. But he was a born demagogue. He was an eager student of history and delivered historical lectures to us in camp — the best lectures I ever heard. When the Bolsheviki swept through the country, he became a Bolshevik. He played a leading rôle in overthrowing the old government at Krasnojarsk, and was soon appointed brigadier of the First International Brigade. While I was still with the Red Army, he was suddenly arrested and thrown into prison. He was charged with intriguing with an Eastern power to betray Siberia into its hands. I do not know whether this was true or not. He later died in prison. Shortly before I left, I saw him there from a distance, when I was calling for some corpses. He was in the so-called starvation cell. That is a frightful place, reminding one of the torture chambers of the Middle Ages. One day the inmates get nothing to eat, the next day a diminutive piece of bread, the third day nothing, the fourth day a dish of thin soup; then the round starts all over again and so on until the victim dies. The government adopted that system in order to lessen the number of executions, but at the same time relieve themselves of undesirable people. In such instances, the person was always reported to have died a natural death.

Of course, our main thought in the Red Army was always to get back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home. That was difficult. No one could be discharged until 'the final victory of the World Revolution.' A fortunate accident, however, enabled my friend and myself to escape. A call came from Ekaterinburg for engineers and chemists to reorganize the metallurgical works in the Urals, which had stopped operations. We at once volunteered. I had been known to be a chemist ever since my service as manager of the soap factory. My friend reported that he also was a chemist. I went to our new brigadier and represented the situation to him in this way: Comrade Brigadier, as you know, I am heart and soul with the Soviets, and a convinced Bolshevik, and my sole thought is to be of the utmost possible service to the Soviet. I believe, however, I can do more for our cause in the Urals. You can easily find another sergeant for your wagon train, but experienced chemists are scarce in Russia. Therefore, I want to go to the Urals and take my friend with me. He likewise is a chemist and we are accustomed to working together and can accomplish more that way. — The Brigadier was convinced. He said that he would, of course, have to insist that we remain enrolled in the Red Army until the final victory of the World Revolution. But we might serve wherever we were of the most use. He knew that I was a genuine convinced Bolshevik, but had some doubt as to my friend. However, he finally gave him a permit to accompany me after I volunteered to use my influence to strengthen him in his Bolshevist faith.

Eight days passed before we could leave. We had to be very prudent during this time. Nowhere are spies more numerous or active than among the Bolsheviki. We knew that we were constantly watched and followed, that people had been especially detailed to listen to our conversation. So we talked constantly to each other about our Red convictions, our interest in helping out in the Urals, and in building up an industry where laborers would not be exploited by capitalist blood-suckers. At night, however, we would whisper to each other our hopes and our plans of getting farther west from the Urals and escaping to our own country.

Our journey through Siberia and Russia was comparatively uneventful. We spent three weeks on the way to Ekaterinburg, and three weeks more between there and Petrograd. At every point in Siberia passengers were searched and their papers were carefully examined by officers of the Red Army, in order to prevent the escape of war prisoners. Although many agreements were made by our authorities at home with the Soviet government for exchanging prisoners, and although on several occasions orders were actually sent from Moscow to make such exchanges, nevertheless, the prisoners were not released. What did the local authorities in Siberia care for orders from Moscow! The reason they were deaf to them was twofold. First, the international brigades, which were the main support of Soviet rule in Siberia, were largely recruited from former prisoners of war, and if any were permitted to go home, the whole force would take to its heels, in spite of its oath to serve until 'the final victory of the World Revolution.' Second, most of the skilled mechanics and a large proportion of the professional men in Siberia were also war prisoners. Their sudden departure would throw the country into chaos.

The railway and its equipment are still in perfectly serviceable condition. Locomotives are most needed, since there are neither skilled mechanics nor materials in Siberia to repair them. There is no shortage of cars, in spite of the fact that hundreds stand on the sidings at every railway station serving as quarters for the garrison. The army

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

authorities monopolize the rest. There is practically no civilian-passenger traffic and no movement of goods whatsoever. During the entire trip of six weeks, from Krasnojarsk to Petrograd, we met but two freight trains in movement, and their whole lading was six carloads of salt. I will not go into the details of how, in the course of our journey, one of us Red Guardists became an invalid military prisoner, who was to be exchanged because of critical heart disease. It took us altogether eight weeks to reach Petrograd because we were detained in Ekaterinburg a fortnight. But Petrograd itself was the city of all our hopes, the portal to the homeland we had longed for and dreamed of during six years. At least that was what it seemed to us to be, as our train slowly passed through the endless factory suburbs to the Lett railway station. If a person were to look at the city through differently-colored spectacles, it might make quite another impression. The first thing that struck us was the fact that the factories and workshops were silent. We passed through a forest of tall brick chimneys, but not one of them was smoking. On both sides of the track were factory buildings, but in none of them could we detect men working. Things looked still worse when we left the railway station to go into the city. The streets were dirty and deserted; the shops were vacant. The world seemed to live under a nightmare pall. I walked down the Nevsky Prospect and could not conceive how it ever was regarded one of the most famous avenues of the world. Silence, desolation, houses with windows boarded up and covered with placards, not a vehicle in sight, no evidence that the streets had been cleaned for weeks!

It did not take long to enlighten us as to the black nightmare which was lying like lead on Petrograd and paralyzing its life and activity. It was hunger! We thought we had seen the spectre of famine in Siberia, but here it was real. 'Give me a crust of *suchari* (dried black bread)' is the appeal with which every traveler from the East is bombarded as soon as he arrives.

Let me tell two incidents to illustrate what conditions are. A little girl about eight years old begged something of me, and I gave her a piece of dry bread. She grabbed it greedily and bit into it. Just then, a lady who apparently belonged to the better classes passed by. She pushed the little child so that she fell, snatched the bread from her, and quickly stuck it in her own mouth. In despair, too grieved even to cry, the child gazed after her piece of bread, her lost paradise. Now for my second experience. It happened during our first day in Petrograd, before we realized fully what the situation was. I had eaten a little piece of bacon which I had saved over from the railway journey. I carelessly threw a thin peeling of the rind into the street. At once, six bystanders, who evidently had been watching me, hurled themselves upon it and fought madly in the street dirt for that shred of rind. At last a young fellow managed to get it, thrust it quickly in his mouth, and swallowed it.

In Petrograd I was converted into a North German and lived in the old German embassy. The new embassy building has been destroyed, so the German Workers' and Soldiers' Council has installed itself in the old one. This body represents the German Communist Party, and since Russia at that time recognized no other authority than this party in Germany, the council functioned as the diplomatic agent of that country, handled all the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners, determined who should be sent home, inspected passports, and the like. Alas for the man whom they suspected of sympathizing with the bourgeoisie! I met people here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had tried in vain for months to get away. It was an exceedingly interesting experience. It was necessary that I should become a convinced Bolshevik again. I was already expert at that profession and soon was a highly respected man in the German Workers' and Soldiers' Council, and permitted a glimpse behind the scenes. It was very much as it had been in Krasnojarsk, only more brutal. Outside, famine was raging, but here the commissioners and their ladies lived in revelry and plenty. Outside, people were begging for a crumb of bread. In the embassy building, the commissioners sat down to a table where meat, milk, eggs, and white bread were in superfluity. They drank wine and mixed punches. I, myself, was a guest at such a banquet. The common people, of course, know this, and this helps to explain their bitter hatred of the Bolshevist government.

One of the most interesting experiences of my stay, was a ball which I attended, given by the German Workers' and Soldiers' Council in the ballrooms of the German embassy. The leaders of the Bolsheviki try to copy the bourgeoisie in their manners, habits, and affectations, and this ball was as nearly as possible a counterpart of a good bourgeois ball. The ladies were not coarse proletarian women, but evidently people accustomed to better things. One might be surprised that anyone should wish to dance and enjoy himself in such a morass of misery as Petrograd. But people became callous to misery. They learn to regard it as natural and normal and to forget about it. One of the principal attractions of the occasion was naturally the refreshments, which were served in the reception room of the old embassy building. They included cheese, butter, fresh bread, coffee with cream, and similar delicacies which only the council members had at their disposal. Hunger is a frightful destroyer of morals. No one, even of the better classes, resists the temptation to become completely subservient to the powers that be in order to get food. One young woman told me in a quiet matter-of-fact way that she had formed an alliance with one of the commissioners merely because, as his Communist wife, she received so many pounds of bread, butter, and meat. I have brought from Siberia quite a quantity of the dry black bread, or the *suchari*, I have mentioned, and of soap, which is next to bread the most sought for and the rarest commodity in Petrograd. Everyone I met importuned me for this before I left, with the argument that I would not need it after I crossed the border.

Practically all of the women I met at the ball were filling positions in the Soviet government, for everyone must work in order to have a bread card. They also pick up a good deal of money in speculation. Every article passes through a dozen hands before it reaches the consumer. Trade, of course, is forbidden, — in some cases under penalty of death; but that does not check this practice. If an article is absolutely necessary, its price reaches incredible heights. During my stay in Ekaterinburg, I served as an interpreter once for a sick man who bought a vial of salvarsan which is used in cases of recurrent typhus. He paid down a million rubles in thousand- and ten-thousand-ruble notes for this medicine.

I had been in Petrograd two weeks when I was suddenly told that I was to be exchanged and must leave that evening. The next morning, we reached the frontier. A thrill passed through the train. *Graniza! Graniza!* — 'Bordertown!' A dream which had never for a single moment during six long years left our waking vision was at last coming true, as the train slowly rolled past barrier after barrier of barbed wire, marking the frontier of inhospitable Russia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING SCENE

BY GORDON CRAIG

[*Mr. Gordon Craig, who has long been known as one of the most original workers in the modern theatre, read this paper before the Art Workers' Guild almost a year ago, but it remained unpublished until last month. We publish elsewhere in this issue, comment on his new book,* The Theatre Advancing.]

From *The English Review, June*
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL MONTHLY)

'C'EST le décor vivant avec toute sa machinerie nouvelle.'

In these words some new work of mine was described last month by a French writer, and I will take them as my cue.

Scene must be living, — seemingly alive, — breathing as in Nature the Earth seems to breathe, its flanks lying spread out like the sprawling limbs of the striped tiger, its immense eyes opening wider and ever wider, and then closing with the close of day, its locks fluttering in the breezes.

When Scene becomes decoration, it ceases to have quite the same value that it has when it lives and moves. The Earth on which we, the actors, play our parts is not exactly a decorative background. Although at times it retires, although at times it is just decorative and no more, — at times mere background, — unnoticeable.

But not for long, remember. Before many moments or hours are passed, it will advance and come to life. Sometimes it pushes us all into the background, sometimes it overwhelms, and then in a moment is become the quiet and lovely thing we are apt to take it always to be.

And Scene should be like this. And those of us who concern ourselves at all with Scene should remember what it is we have to interpret. If we have ever really listened to the showers or basked in sunshine, we can but return to attempt to give life to our scene. The Poet peers at Man and, seeing, creates a living thing.

Are we who are to create Scene to give birth to a dead thing, just because we will not first look at the Earth?

Some say so. A fine idea, indeed, — a monstrous fine idea, — to be asked to litter the stage with lumber, and then to suppose that this dead and dusty *décor* is to aid the Drama.

A dull and staid and decorative nothing, which shall keep its place, be in good form, just because it's dead.

It is about time to get that fixed idea out of the heads of everyone. It never entered the head of the Dramatist, who does n't fear a living Scene any more than does the Poet or the Musician.

It is the literary critic who fears everything living — even fears when a Poet or a Dramatist, though he be his dear friend, is showing signs of creating living men and women.

That is too awful to him. And, trembling at this fear, he becomes hysterical, hysterically calm at the further thought that the Earth shall be revealed through a scene with a pulse — not necessarily with a pulse beating three hundred and sixty-five beats to the minute and revealing incessantly a gush, a plethora of emotions, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nature seldom reveals, but beating rhythmically, demonstrating the existence of life.

No, the Critic forsooth will have none of this. And why, do you think? For what reason? For the simplest of all — that he has never thought it possible, although his suspicions may have once been horridly awakened. Well, then, he is exonerated from all blame, for the man who never dreamed a thing possible must not be blamed because he will have none of it.

So our good friend the Critic must remain still our good friend; and as he is able better than most men quickly to understand an idea, even from a hint, a sketch, a suggestion, he will possibly think for one moment of what we say now, what we are demonstrating in our Scene, and will then speak better about it all than any of us.

After all, that is his business — not ours. But I don't think it is his business to speak so of our tentative experiments as if in one leap we ought to arrive at perfection. If he sees where we are going and what we intend, he must not send the party who are following our lead into a paroxysm of panic by saying we are leading them astray.

For we are not. We are moving toward a new theatre.

In this adventure — and surely you all like a spice of risk about any trip — No? — in this adventure, then, in this search for the *Scène vivante*, we must not utterly forget its new machinery — '*sa machinerie nouvelle.*'

A word about this. A good friend of ours, an artist and a director of one of the most important European theatres, — Dr. Alexander Hevesi, of the Opera House, Budapest, — has told us that the machinist has been one of the two enemies of the theatre for a hundred years, the other enemy being the realist.

Your hale and hearty machinist, with his love — his veneration — for realism, is, after all, no real enemy. He has merely been given too many opportunities for indulging his natural appetites — that is all. It is most natural in him to desire to see and fondle all those wheels and cogs, turntables, bridges; and no amount of electric wires, bulbs, resistances, and volts is too much for his taste.

We can surely understand this. Why, if we artists were mechanics, we would go to far greater lengths than he does.

But if we are not mechanics, we know that mechanism and machinery cannot be excluded from our work. It is one of our very best servants, and every opportunity should be given it to do itself justice and render the service it wants to render to the head of the house, — the Dramatist, — and to his overseer, the Stage Manager.

The very best machines should be used, and the best machines will, of course, cost money. They are worth the money. But only when the Artist into whose hands the machines are given finds them after his heart — when they are *alive.*

Now, unfortunately, some of the machines in use to-day in theatres are a nuisance to the artist — to the *stage-manager-dramatist*, let us call him.

They do nothing but go up and go down, these machines; except, of course when they go round. But how to put to use this up-down and round-about white elephant is the question all artists ask themselves. They go on asking and asking for forty or fifty years — and then die; and a fresh batch of artists come along, blithe and gay, and worry themselves with the same riddle, and in their turn pass away.

But this is not all. Every fifty years or so, new elephantine machines get installed in the richest theatres, so that the new generation of artists not only has to tackle the conundrum of its ancestors, but also to crack these new nuts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I won't name the machines which we artists know to be such as I describe, because there is not much good gained by worrying our good friend the mechanic of the theatre — and, besides, he has to help us to find other and better machines and install them, too, we hope. We can't possibly spare him — he must do this.

But what we have to do is to tell him and show him what we need — what sort of servant our needs demand. The place best fitted to show him this is a theatre where the stage is a plain and empty one, free from the mechanical devices, and where the architect has not cramped us within walls too close for the limbs of the Drama to move and stretch themselves.

Then, with our friend the mechanic, and with plenty of time and enough money, we can evolve a mechanism which shall assist in bringing to life Scene, which assists in bringing to life Drama.

And now let me tell you of one quality which I think our Scene and our new mechanism might to advantage possess, and which it does not at present possess. (At present it baulks us, our Scene and our machine. It conspires with the trade, — it holds us up, — the brigand!)

It is *mobility.*

And I think it is here that the artist steps in — I think it is here that he is really needed. When folks say that all artists are 'impractical,' I believe that what they mean is, that among other defects, they *will not* let themselves become fixed; they have a few fixed ideas, it is true, but one of these is to keep their minds — their imagination — mobile, fluid. This, to the admirably ordered senses of our friends, seems to be a defect, but is in fact a first-class quality; and it is this quality which is now so needed to release our scene-lighting and its mechanisms, from the deathly trance into which they have fallen.

You probably want to know what I consider is the best way of improving our stage decoration. I can tell you without a moment's hesitation. It is by employing our stage decorators — the fair, the pretty good, and the best — all of them. At present they are not employed as they should be — not *all* of them. It is by being more just, more exact in our estimate of these men. Let us not praise a turnip in the same terms we apply to a rose.

And you younger men — do not break away from *appearances*, and then put on a new *appearance.* Go deeper than that. And, removing a root-error, replace it by a truth.

It is time to make great changes — great reforms, if you don't object to the word.

It is time to stop rearranging the dead flowers in the vase; throw them away. Go out into the open air; for it is the season to sow fresh seed, and watch it tirelessly until a new plant begins to show above ground.

Then, if the plant be hearty, any old ground will serve, and no amount of inclement weather can harm it.

Avoid new arrangements of the old sceneries, then, and plump for new principles; new roots must be established, new life must be desired.

The first thing a Scene should have is mobility. And I think that, if each artist will feel and think for himself, we can have four or five examples of mobility in Scene within a year, within a month.

Only, the artists must think *for themselves*, and must reject the suggestions I have given them in my screens — which, by the way, have something of this very mobility which I suggest is essential to the very life of Scene.

Let the young artist consider the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mechanical means at his disposal, rather than the appearance. Let him fuss less about being 'decorative.'

For example, suppose we never had had a sledge, and wished to bring one into existence because the snows were continually with us. If we kept fussing about the wheels of our conveyance, and the shafts and the door-knobs, just because our carriages always have wheels, shafts, and door-knobs, we should merely evolve carriages with a new appearance — but no sledge.

If we could not forget wheels altogether, runners would never enter our heads or come into existence.

And it is something like this with our young men's sceneries. Forget all but the needs of the Scene, — the Drama, — hang the decoration of it, and to blazes with everything 'charming' and 'amusing.' Get at the needs of the Scene — get at its dramatic force. Don't think seriously — *be serious.*

I find the greatest difficulty in addressing you at all, for the reason that I no more want to talk. I want to be at work. There is so little to be said — except it be in verse or in fine prose; and to speak in these to effect, one must have been dead at least two hundred years.

As I say, I want to be at work; and to this end it is intended to raise in Italy a million lire to put some of my workshops on their feet again.

I can work — I can create — only when *quite free.*

Any suggestion of someone dictating to my particular muse puts the muse to flight.

The reason of so much bad work being turned out to-day is that there is a growing tendency to tell all artists what is wanted, and to expect them to supply a demand; and if an artist can supply the demand of to-day, he must produce rubbish — for the demand is for rubbish.

In the late war, the cliques demanded that the English Army and Navy should do this and that and the other. The whole time the war lasted, these cliques kept up a hullabaloo, *demanding* something which was not supplied.

Good. Now, it can be easily realized that, had the Army and Navy supplied the demand of these wiseacres, England would have gone under. But what I (and you, too, no doubt) seem unable to make not only the cliques, but everyone else, understand, is that when the artist pays *any* attention to the cliques, Art goes under.

I leave cities because they are full of folk who annoy me to death by asking every day: 'Oh, why don't you produce some *one* thing on the stage — it would be *so wonderful.*' My reply is: 'It would not be wonderful at all, for the conditions for growing a wonderful thing on the stage are the conditions of Nature — and Nature never produces to order, nor a single wonder at a time, but always a succession of nothings leading to a series of attractive things, and finally, perhaps, a wonderful thing.'

Folk might as soon dream of dictating to an ordinary dandelion when and how it was to grow, how long it was to take, and so forth, as to dictate to us how we are to set about our work.

Begin to order Nature about, and you come a cropper!

And Art is like Nature, in that it has its own way, *must* have its own way, and invents its own machinery, if ever it invents a living Scene.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAR WORSHIPERS

BY HARUO SATO

[*Mr. Sato achieved distinction among contemporary Japanese writers some years ago, with a poetic story of rural life,* The Sick Rose. *His work is usually marked by a delicate sensuous quality, a rather sophisticated emotion, and sometimes by an almost morbid modernity.* The Star Worshipers *is based on an older Chinese romance, and also recalls the story — famous in Chinese literature — of the lyric poet Li Peh, who became so intoxicated with the beauty of the moon's reflection in the water, that he threw himself into the stream to embrace it, and so perished.*]

From *Kaizo* (*Reconstruction*)
(NATIVE JAPANESE PRESS)

MR. CHEN, who lived in Yingnei in Fukien, had three sons, one of whom had been promoted to be Inspector-General of Kwang Ting and Kwang Su (for the Chens were a wealthy and distinguished family), while the other two were still studying at home. The third son, who was named Chen San, was versed in astrology, though none of his family knew how he had learned this mysterious science.

One serene evening in the autumn, when the sky was sprinkled over with many, many stars, he recognized the one particular star with which his own destiny was intertwined. No other in all the broad firmament was so bright.

'O heavenly light and guardian star,' he prayed to it, 'grant me the favor of marrying the most beautiful woman in the world. Grant me a child who will be the greatest man in the world.'

His elder brother, who was in the garden at the time, weary with the composition of poems for the examination he was soon to take, overheard Chen San's prayer and scoffed at it.

'It is foolish,' he cried, 'to pray for the loveliest woman and the wisest child. As for me, I pray for fame and glory for myself.'

'Perhaps you are right, honorable brother,' replied Chen San. 'But I can be a great man through my own efforts, whereas the most beautiful woman and most brilliant child are beyond my power to attain unaided. That is why I prayed as I did.'

'Why,' said the elder brother, 'so far you are right. Destiny may be more powerful than we imagine. But suppose you are born under an evil star? What then will be your fate? Yet, although I do not believe in astrology, it seems to me a prudent thing to offer prayer to a guardian star. Tell me, which is my star?'

They looked up at the sky together. It was an evening that Chen San was to remember long.

After several years the elder brother became Governor-General instead of Inspector-General, and Chen San went to the castle of Chao Chow, whence his brother was setting out for his new post. After they had taken leave of one another, Chen San rode out alone to view Chao Chow. He rode into the town dreaming of his brother's future and thinking that perchance it might be he who was to find the loveliest woman in the world. In all the years since Chen San had prayed to his star, he had never found her.

Suddenly, as he rode, he heard some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one playing on a stringed instrument. In front of him, separated from him by a magnificent gate, rose a high tower flanked by green woods; and leaning against a pillar of the tower stood a girl of dazzling beauty. It was she who had made the music. Her robe was black, and above it her profile was delicate as a white magnolia blossom. As he gazed upon her, he began to sing to her playing. Startled, she made as if to throw something at him, and fled. Scarcely had the fascinating vision vanished from his sight, when a *lychee* fell at the feet of Chen San's horse. With his heart palpitating, Chen San grasped the fruit in his bridle hand. A passer-by told him that the girl was Wu Niang, the fifth of the daughters of Huang, renowned for her beauty among all the residents of Chao Chow.

From gossip at the hotel the young man learned that among the ancestral treasures of the house of Huang was an ancient mirror. Calling a servant, he exchanged his own gala attire for the old clothes of the servant. In the morning a stranger stood at the door of the Huang family, saying that he was an expert polisher of mirrors, who had come from a distant land to brighten the historic treasure of the Huangs. All of one summer's day he polished the famous mirror, until, when evening drew near and he was about to put it again in its case, it fell to the ground and was shattered.

'Since I have no money to pay for it,' said the polisher to the head of the family, 'I will serve the house as a slave until I have repaid the damage.' Then, with a mysterious smile, he added, 'You will find me, honorable gentleman, a far more valuable possession than any mirror, however precious.'

The charming daughter of the Huangs glanced from behind the servants at the young stranger, and her eyes were dazzled. She observed the resemblance between this new slave and the handsome knight whom she had seen on horseback.

The young mirror-polisher worked long in the house. Soon the beautiful girl, fascinated by him, sought every occasion to peer at him from behind the screen of her boudoir. So often did she see him, that she came at length to believe that the new slave and the young horseman who had passed beneath her window were one and the same.

'You will find me a far more valuable possession than any mirror, however precious.' The words seemed to her a revelation. At times she feared the mysterious slave. Only to I Shun, one of her servants and her best friend, did she confide these doubts and fears.

Now the young slave had seen the beauty of I Shun, whom he sometimes thought more beautiful than Wu Niang herself. He felt secretly ashamed of his fickleness when he found himself transported by the grace and elegance of I Shun. Again he prayed to his star: —

'O star, have mercy on me and grant me the good fortune to marry the most beautiful woman in the world. Give to her the most distinguished son in the world.' Every night he repeated this prayer, each time with more ardor than before.

When Chen San was among the other slaves, his high character and the elegance of his manners revealed his noble birth. The eyes of the intelligent yet tender I Shun were not blind; they followed him with compassion.

I Shun discovered that, although he had confessed to her his love for Wu Niang, she was herself in love with him. Never had he said to her, 'I love you,' yet she bethought her of a promise she had made to Wu Niang, that they two should marry the same man. She began to hope that this young man would prove to be the son of some nobleman of high position, or at least one rich

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough to be able to afford a second wife.

'In a garment of pearl-white silk, mounted on a horse caparisoned with blue,' as the fifth daughter had described him when she was alone with I Shun, the vision of the young man haunted her. 'Oh, that I might become his second wife when Wu Niang becomes his first!' she sighed.

At last I Shun was charged with a grave mission. The young slave asked her to bear his confession of love to Wu Niang: 'Led by my guiding star, last June I passed your house. I am the third son of Chen of Yingnei in Fukien. My eldest brother is Governor-General of Kwang Tung and Kwang Su. My only desire is to know how deeply a man can love his wife and in return be loved by her.'

In a voice like a fading melody, the charming Wu Niang replied to the bearer of this avowal: 'I will see him.'

When she had ushered the man she loved into a chamber which was not her own, I Shun cast herself on her bed in tears. When the girls met next morning, they had not courage to raise their eyes. I Shun grew thin, as one who has ended a period of mourning. A day seemed as long to her as a year. She was gazing at the flowers in the garden, her eyelashes moist with tears, when someone, holding her softly by the shoulders, whispered in her ear: 'It is spring. Why are you sad? I hold to our promise of last year. You shall be Chen San's second wife.' It was Wu Niang.

One day she said to I Shun again: 'We must elope. We shall steal from the house to-morrow morning before daybreak. We are to disguise ourselves as men. Chen San has procured two gentle horses for us.'

Three travelers on horseback, too handsome for boys, attracted the glances of the people whom they passed. At Cheng Chow a band of lawless soldiers dragged them off to prison.

'You shall repent this!' cried Chen San, when they pushed him into the dungeon. The solemn tone of his voice, the beauty of his companions, the quality of their horses, and the money they carried with them, were enough to prevent further outrage by the soldiery.

'He is a robber who has stolen the gold and the two girls and the three horses. Since he will not divulge his crimes, we are determined to put him to the torture,' the jailer explained to a high official who chanced to be visiting the prison, and who had seen them in a dark corner. With a nod, the official turned to go.

'Honorable brother!' cried Chen San. 'Wait! Stay but a moment, my esteemed brother!'

'Don't treat them cruelly,' remarked the kind official, looking back. 'They seem almost crazy.'

'Brother, no! It is I! My dear brother!'

Shouting like a madman, the prisoner caught the attention of the magistrate. The accent of the town of Yingnei was unmistakable.

'I will see the prisoners once more,' said the dignitary — none other than the eldest brother of Chen San.

When the story of the love-affair was told him, the older brother took pity on the younger, and promised to call upon the father of Wu Niang.

'Half of my prayer, O my star, has been realized,' Chen San prayed. 'Have pity on me and grant me full happiness.'

For a longer time than usual he prayed, with more ardor than usual, his mind full of gratitude for the divine assistance of his guardian star. His wives, who recognized their own stars in two which twinkled near his tute-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lary star, joined in the prayer: 'Grant me to be loved by my husband forever!'

A year later, as Wu Niang sat in her chamber alone, thinking of the happy days which she had spent with her husband, whose love had now come to be I Shun's alone, she looked up after her custom, to the three stars which guided the destinies of Chen San, I Shun, and herself. One of them began to grow dim.

That night Chen San left the chamber of I Shun, to knock at the boudoir of Wu Niang. As he opened the curtain which hung above her bed, he found it empty. On the pillow lay a gold hairpin, and a letter, which he opened with trembling hands.

He dashed from the room into the darkness of the garden. Unable to see in the blackness about him, he returned to seek a light. Close by the well where Wu Niang had told him she would die, he found one little red shoe. As he lifted the light and let it fall upon the black surface of the water, he saw another shoe. Surely it was hers. He peered again into the well. The light of a star was reflected — his star.

'Wu Niang!' he cried in despair. The black water tempted him and he threw himself into the well. A shrill cry from the barn near-by was drowned by the splash in the water. Chen San had gazed at his star for the last time.

By the well a candle flickered. Wu Niang, who had hidden to test her husband's love, tottered out of the hiding-place like a lost soul. Returning to her chamber, she sought a pen with which to write her last letter, while the candle by the side of the well, burned in its silver candlestick.

Two dead bodies were drawn out of the well — two bodies and a pair of red shoes. The dead wife and husband were laid in the same grave, and by the tomb was planted the tree which the Chinese call 'Mutual Love.'

I Shun found it harder to live alone than it would have been to die with her husband; but she determined to live and rear the child that was to be born to her.

'You are the most beautiful woman in the eye of heaven,' her husband had told her the night before he died. 'You are my true wife. That is why you are the mother of my child. It will be a boy and will grow to be a great man.'

The child was a boy, and as he grew to manhood the sorrow of I Shun faded away like old music which, though heard by the ear, evokes no sorrow in the heart. The tombstone of Chen San and Wu Niang was covered with moss, shaded by the ever growing tree of 'Mutual Love.' Each year, in autumn, I Shun and her son went to the tomb to offer incense and flowers, and at these times the fruits of the tree rained down on child and mother, red as the shoes of Wu Niang.

The little boy became the greatest man in China. He defeated many rebels and he made good laws. He served the last Ming Emperor and the first of the Ching dynasty faithfully and well; but in the midst of his greatness he was lonely and in his heart there gnawed a tragic melancholy like poisoned wine. Late at night he would cast aside his pen and reflect with heartrending sorrow on his career.

'I do not know,' he was wont to think, 'I do not know whether I am the distinguished man for whom my father prayed. Yet such sorrow and loneliness as mine only a great man could feel, for only a great man could pay such a price. Only my mother believed in me. If she were living, she might understand me. But when she urged me to achieve greatness, she did not tell me that this sad loneliness was to be mine.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EPISODE OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

BY HANS PAASCH

[Hans Paasch, a German pacifist of some wealth and distinction, was shot on his estate near Berlin, by a party of soldiers who came to search his dwelling, on May 22, 1920. The following is from a letter, written shortly before his death, to an English friend.]

From *Die Rote Fahne, May* 25
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

It is time to puncture the myth that the Empress was brutally ejected from her Potsdam palace in November, 1918, by the revolutionists. The incident which has been distorted into this 'touching tale' was as follows.

About the middle of November, I had the interview with the ex-Empress upon which her reputation as a royal martyr rests. I was endeavoring to ensure the preservation of certain documents, which the representatives of the old government, and unfortunately some of our Conservative Socialist comrades, desired to see destroyed. This errand took me to Potsdam Villa, where the ex-Empress and her son Eitel Friedrich were then living. The latter asked me if I wished to speak with his mother. As I had no motive for disturbing the lady, I said no. Nevertheless, the Prince left the room, and appeared a few minutes later with his mother. She wore a street gown of brown silk and a hat with brown feathers. I was told that Mr. Hintze, who had been an undersecretary of the navy until shortly before the revolution, was waiting for her, and that Mr. Fehrenbach had also just been announced.

To my surprise, the Empress at once assumed a challenging manner and inquired in an angry voice: 'What do you want of me? I knew at once that I was going to be insulted.'

I replied, 'You don't seem to understand under what circumstances I have come here. I am a representative of the people, who are anxious to escape from their misery and can hardly be reproached if they do inconvenience you a little in so doing.'

When I addressed her as 'you,' — *Sie*, — the lady bridled up indignantly, and in her wrath fairly stuttered the following words, which I repeat verbatim: 'I am — I was — the Empress.'

It was an interesting moment in history. I certainly could not employ the term 'Your Majesty' without belying what the nation had just achieved, and I could not bring myself to say 'gracious lady (*Gnädige Frau*).'

The manner of address which I chanced to use was of course not designed in the slightest to insult her. But in view of the suffering which the world had been obliged to endure on account of the arrogance and heedless impulses of the Hohenzollerns, I did not attach much importance to whether my manner of addressing her pleased her or not.

Since she seemed to me to be tired, I asked her if she would not sit down, and indicated the only chair near us. When she refused, I got the impression that my well-meant suggestion would destroy a studied pose. I feel quite certain that there is a picture somewhere in which Queen Louise of Prussia is represented as standing on some similar occasion.

The Empress stared at me fixedly when I told her who I was, and men-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioned that I had refused to serve as an officer during the war, after I had convinced myself that the German government had provoked the war and was opposing peace. I added that I had spent several months in prison in the cause of peace. It was evidently inconceivable to her that anyone should talk to her about such things in the same tone of voice with which people were previously accustomed to announce to her a new royal decoration. Probably she was prepared for something very dreadful, when the first and only Revolutionist she had ever personally met addressed her. I observed her strained, somewhat intimidated attitude, and I endeavored to reassure her by saying something about a new and better system of humanity and love. She answered in a confused sort of way: 'The system is God.'

She gave me some information regarding the papers which I desired, and then started to complain, apropos of nothing, that there had been plundering at the Royal Palace in Berlin. I advised her not to lay too much stress on such things, as it might increase the bitterness of those who had really suffered. I told her that her husband might have prevented the war and might have stopped it any time. As she herself saw, no one had touched a hair of her head. Then I said, as impressively as I could, 'This war has cost whole pyramids of heads — and you complain because your husband's linen-closet in one of your palaces has been robbed.'

This was the same Empress who had ordered a telegraphic report every day as to the progress of the search for a vase which a schoolboy had carried off from Wilhelmshöhe Castle, at a time when thousands were waiting for a year for some message from those dearest to them, and it was forbidden to use the telegraph for 'such unmilitary' purposes. I was completely disabused by her subsequent conversation of any fancy I might have had that the Hohenzollerns would ever realize that the Middle Ages were over. She was deeply indignant because the soldiers refused to fight longer for the noble cause represented by the war. Since the 'hyenas of the revolution' had neglected the opportunity to inform the Hohenzollerns what the German people were really thinking, I thought it a good idea that at least one member of that royal family should be told how different the 'great cause' looked to the common soldier in the trenches from what it did to a royal commander.

Finally she said, 'I had six sons at the front.'

I counseled her not to use such comparisons, because, even if one of these sons had fallen, he was not the sole support of a family; and indeed she could hardly conceive what that really meant. Her troubles were not to be compared with those which other wives and mothers had to bear.

The Empress seemed anxious to shield herself from seeing the war in its true light. When the expression 'the women of the Fatherland' chanced to be used, it brought to her mind the 'unpatriotic rabble,' a term which the Kaiser had applied in one of his earlier speeches to the Socialists.

I had to say, 'What do you understand by the Fatherland?'

She interrupted me with an expression of unbounded indignation: 'Naturally, if a person has no fatherland —' then, completely losing control of herself, rushed out of the room. Fatherland had evidently acquired a dangerous meaning in the mind of this lady.

This was the frightful abuse over which so many sentimental German girls now shed tears. I merely told the Empress in plain language what other people had suffered in the war. Immediately after that, she left for Holland.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I wrote down this account of the incident about a year ago, around New Year, 1919. To-day all sorts of wild stories regarding our conversation have become current. The legend of how the Empress was abused is used to support the following argument: What a frightful time Wilhelm would have had if, instead of deserting and running away to Holland, he had been brave enough to retire to his estate in West Prussia. Naturally Wilhelm's precipitate flight deprived him of the loyalty of many Monarchists. His wife was treated with the utmost regard. No one in Germany thought for a moment of returning evil for evil. She was conducted to the frontier with all her trunks and luggage; and perhaps even those who escorted her will be glad if a family, which has shown itself so incapable of appreciating the suffering of others, never returns.

One thing is perfectly clear: the Empress intended to play the part of a martyr. She could not conceive that millions of liberated citizens should not be in the least preoccupied with her personally. The gigantic police and prison machinery which had been kept up as long as the throne stood, for the special purpose of protecting the precious lives of the rulers, now seemed to have been such a senseless and superfluous institution. How thankful the Empress would have been had she been permitted to spend a single day in the cell where Rosa Luxemburg saw the heavens through iron bars. She never had even to go without butter for breakfast; and a frank conversation with a member of the Executive Committee of the German Socialist Workers' and Soldiers' Councils was the most cruel and painful war experience for the Hohenzollerns.

OPEN VOTING

BY L. SOSNOVSKY

[*This is sent us as the first attempt to justify the Communist system of voting practised in Russia which has appeared in the Bolshevist press.*]

From *Moscow Pravda, April* 19
(BOLSHEVIST OFFICIAL DAILY)

I UNDERSTAND that the Mensheviki and Social Revolutionaries are troubled and even sickened by the procedure at *our* elections. There is no pre-election scramble, with invitations to come and join our crowd, no secret balloting, with sealed envelopes, ballots, ballot-boxes, and the other holy sacraments of parliamentarism.

Yesterday I was at the electoral meeting of the Artillery section of the Moscow garrison. The elections went off so quickly that I did not have time to realize what was happening. The report on the problems of the moment was listened to attentively, sympathetically. There was no discussion. A certain non-party man from the Artillery School stood up and said briefly:

'In the name of the non-party members, I ask all the comrades to elect Communists. The Russian Communist

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Party alone is capable of leading the people to complete victory.' [*Applause.*]

Then a list was proposed by the Communists. It was accepted by the raising of hands almost unanimously. That is all there was to it.

'Well, is this really free expression of the will?' says an indignant Menshevik. 'You know the representatives of *all* parties should be heard.'

Is that necessary?

This is what happened after the election. The gunners arranged themselves in an imposing file on the street. From the muster-roll they called out the six men who had been fixed upon to receive rewards for distinguished service in battle.

The commander of the artillery brigade, a workman, delivered a short, forceful speech.

'Red eagles! You all deserve rewards, and it is difficult to decide upon those who are especially deserving. Under Perekop [where Wrangel was defeated] you showed more than human strength; you advanced with only machine-guns against the cannon and tanks of the enemy and you took their tanks. You suffered great losses. The Republic will not forget your services. Right now our Russia is poor and her gifts are modest. But your services and feats of arms will be remembered for a long time to come!

'Comrade ——, the Republic rewards you with a gold watch. Keep this gift as long as you live. Let your nearest, your children, looking at it say: —

'"Our father took part in and was a hero of the great battles of the revolution. He took Perekop."'

I listened to the simple abrupt sentences of the workman-commander, addressed to the men who were receiving rewards, and I began to understand why the gunners did not need long speeches before an election.

They had voted before the face of death under Perekop. They had voted under the fire of French and English tanks, sitting in the red-hot metal artillery boxes. In the artillery the truck-driver, the commander, and the machine-gunner were all of one party. In the face of world counter-revolution, sending against the enemy volley after volley, they had voted for Communism. They had *asserted* Communism against Wrangel, Clemenceau, Lloyd George.

From the voting at Perekop many did not return. And those who did return know well enough why, in the winter of 1920, their brothers perished at Perekop.

Do they need now the speeches of Martov,[1] or of Victor Chernov,[2] or of that everlasting schoolboy of the Social Revolutionary Party, Steinberg, in order to decide whom to vote for? Do they need, after Perekop, the sacraments of ballots, ballot-boxes, secret balloting, and all that?

Under Perekop they voted openly, and they voted — for Communism and against the bourgeoisie; and now they vote just as simply and openly for Communism and against the bourgeosie.

[1] Menshevik. [2] Social Revolutionary.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HISTORICAL SPOOK

BY DANIEL POIRÉ

From *L'Echo de Paris May* 18
(CLERICAL DAILY)

M. HECTOR LEJOYEUX, professor of history and *maître de conférences*, was a very credulous gentleman. It was not enough for him to believe in history — in itself a clear indication of a temperament inclined to mysticism. He even believed in spiritualism! So firmly was he convinced, that he permitted no contradiction, whether it had to do with the most insignificant details of the historic past, or with the apparitions, phantasms and materializations of the spiritualist; and although he was usually a man of perfect good humor, he could not take in very good part the sly raillery of his friends when his passion for spiritualistic questions was concerned.

One day, determined to convince even the most skeptical, he procured a medium, whom he prized particularly because of her high degree of sensitiveness. She was a young girl, whose face was intelligent, but whose education had been lamentably neglected. M. Lejoyeux did not see far enough ahead. He supposed that she was simple-hearted because she had had very little instruction and that therefore she was incapable of lending herself to those gross mystifications which constitute the chief joy of the detractors of spiritualism.

So, having assembled his guests in his *salon*, he plunged the surroundings in complete darkness (for light is the enemy of mystery). Several minutes passed in the midst of religious silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of several people who were not very much at ease.

Not a movement. Nobody dared make a gesture for fear of disturbing the atmosphere in which the unknown forces were to reveal themselves. From time to time the wood of the furniture cracked with a dry sort of sound, and some of the people were slightly startled. In the centre of the *salon* was a chair on which was seated the medium, motionless, and as if insensible of what was going on about her.

Suddenly a slight rustling made itself heard, and before the sombre drapery which covered a door, a light cloud appeared, whose contours little by little came vaguely to resemble a woman's translucent silhouette. With staring eyes the guests in the *salon* gazed at the figure, seeking to make out the features. Now the medium was disturbed, giving vent to plaintive cries. No doubt the materialization of the phantom which she had just produced had exhausted her.

When she grew calmer, M. Lejoyeux, in the accent of a master spiritualist, commanded: 'Question the spirit, ask her to give you further revelations.' Renewed gymnastics from the medium. The guests felt the sweat burst from their moist temples. Then suddenly a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pale, monotonous voice, feeble as a breath, broke the dolorous silence with a name: 'Antoinette Poisson!'

Overcome with emotion the professor of history asked:—

'Are you the famous Marquise de Pompadour?'

'Yes,' replied the medium's voice. 'My childhood was not happy, and it was only when I became the favorite of . . .'

At this moment the phantom of the marquise seemed to mark time. Either she was suffering pain, or a kind of modesty restrained her. At any rate, the tone had a bizarre note of hesitation. Unconsciously they divined the violent effort which Madame de Pompadour was making.

For all that, she came to a decision at length:—

'The favorite of — of — of Louis XIV.'

There was an instant of amazement among the guests. As for M. Lejoyeux, he stood aghast, his mouth wide open, his eyes fixed.

After a few seconds, he went on:—

'Louis XIV?' he asked.

'Louis XIV,' replied the voice.

'But in that case —'

'Chut!' remarked Madame de Pompadour. Then, as if she regretted having let this great secret escape her, she murmured, 'Chut!' in an imploring accent.

M. Lejoyeux desired to interrogate still further, to pierce the stupefying mystery. But the medium began to shake again and to cry out until the phantom of Antoinette Poisson had gradually disappeared, after which the electricity was turned on and the professor's guests left him alone, lost in profound meditation.

In an enormous lecture hall, a crowded audience composed of serious-looking young people, a few old men, and many women of every age, all of them cackling like chickens in a back yard, awaited the entrance of M. Lejoyeux. Amidst rapturous applause he appeared and took his seat.

In the twinkling of an eye a quiet fell upon the room, and M. Hector Lejoyeux, the master, the believer, the fervent and convinced apostle of history and of spiritualism, opened his lecture with the following words:—

'*Mesdames, messieurs:* However sincere and impartial a scholar may seek to show himself, he remains none the less subject to error in the examination of historical documents; and it would therefore be a ridiculous presumption to put faith in them. We are surrounded with legends, over which the truth often can triumph only by a lucky chance.

'Thus it is that by spiritualistic agency the truth has recently been placed in my hands. The famous Marquise de Pompadour was not, as misguided historians have hitherto supposed, the mistress of Louis XV, but the mistress of Louis XIV.'

That very evening, M. Lejoyeux received a note from the rector of the university, suggesting that it would be advisable for him to abandon his professorship, for which, no doubt, he could quickly console himself by giving all his energies to new experiences in spiritualism, with the assistance of the medium whose education had unfortunately been so sadly neglected.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GERMAN ARMY TO-DAY

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL REPINGTON

From *The Daily Telegraph, May* 28
(London Conservative Daily)

The army allowed Germany by the Treaty of Versailles should include two Army Corps Headquarters Staffs, three cavalry divisions, and seven divisions of infantry. It should be of a total strength of 100,000 men all told; and the maximum stocks of arms allowed for it are 102,000 rifles and carbines, 1,926 heavy and light machine-guns, and 288 guns.

Such is, or ought to be, the Reichswehr of to-day, which again should be the only military organization in Germany. All other organizations for the command of troops or for preparation for war are forbidden. So are all armaments in excess of the above. So are all measures of mobilization. Germany wanted much more. Whether she has, in the treaty Reichswehr, enough or not enough troops for frontier and internal protection, I do not propose to discuss. Her complaints were heard and the Treaty was upheld. After contesting the Allied claims for long, she has conformed with them, to all open appearances. It is true that some units are in excess of their proper establishments, and that bridge-trains enough for an army corps have occasionally come to light, but, on the whole, these things are not of much account, and our inclination was to give Germany credit for having at last reduced her standing army to the proportions allowed.

But Germany has played so many tricks in the past that nobody trusts her, and so inquisitive French observers have looked closely into this organization and have made a few somewhat unpleasant discoveries. They have found, in many instances, that regiments possess three complete sets of arms, clothing, and equipment, which the Germans explain by saying that one set is for current use, one for replacing losses, and a third for mobilization. But could the additional numbers of men be found, it would seemingly be simple to triplicate the existing organization, and place in the field, not 100,000 men but 300,000. The Reichswehr, then, we find to our vexation, is not quite what we thought it to be.

Can the men be found? As there are some 7,000,000 war-trained veterans in Germany, no one can doubt it; and besides, when the Reichswehr set out to suppress the Ruhr rising, they were very quickly made up by volunteers. The pension office in Germany does duty as the old *Bezirk*, and as close a touch as possible is kept with men who have served. Even the small-books of the men in civil life exist; and although compulsory service has been, happily for the time abolished, we certainly cannot count on the additional men not coming forward to serve.

The pertinacity with which Germany has attempted to re-create her military organization of 1914 is certainly remarkable. If we exclude the occupied territories, the neutral zone on the right bank of the Rhine, and the plébiscite area in Upper Silesia, Germany now includes the territories occupied by twenty-one of the old twenty-five prewar army corps. Her constant endeavor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been by hook or crook to re-create the nucleus at least, and as large a nucleus as possible, for those twenty-one army corps; and if she can triplicate her seven divisions of infantry, she gets at least a division for every old army corps, and that is a pretty good beginning. The cavalry may be similarly increased, and it is known that the squadrons in a regiment bear each the name of one of the old regiments and wear its distinctive badge on the sleeve of their right arm. The purpose of eventually restoring the old regiments must at least be suspected with some cause.

Now, leaving the Reichswehr for a moment, let us see what there is behind. First, the 'Schupo,' or the *Schutzpolizei*. These gentry are the *Sicherheitspolizei* in a new guise. The latter were nominally abolished on Allied demand; but they soon reappeared as the Schupo, under the control of the Ministry of the Interior. They are a very fine type of regular troops, and are nothing else. When General Gaucher discovered them at Düsseldorf during my visit there, he found them so fine and so cantankerous, that he promptly abolished half of them, and for all I know may since have disbanded the rest. There are at present about 150,000 of the Schupo in Germany, including 80,000 in Prussia, and better *cadres* for a national army one could not want. Nearly all non-commissioned officers and veterans of the war, they are just the type for assimilating men from civil life trained to arms. There has recently been introduced a system of passing recruits through a so-called experimental course in the Schupo — a system too reminiscent of post-Jena Prussia to be pleasant.

Next comes the *Einwohnerwehr*, of whom there are admittedly 320,000 in Bavaria alone, and large numbers in many other parts of Germany. How Dr. von Kahr, the Minister-President of Bavaria, can have had the effrontery to admit that he had 240,000 rifles for these men, in face of the provisions of the Treaty, to which I have referred, passes the wit of man to understand. I believe it is claimed that these people and the *Orgesch*, or Organization Escherich, are all private bodies, which do not come under the terms of the Treaty. This is really a little too thin, and I must observe that the frontier of Bavaria at Aschaffenburg is within a very short distance of the French garrison, whose drums and clarions I hear as I write, and that the sooner Bavaria makes up her mind that this cock will not fight, the better for her private organizations.

There are at least 3,500,000 rifles and 10,000 machine-guns in Germany which should have been surrendered, and have not so been. How many guns are there left? No one knows for certain. We were extraordinarily ignorant of the number of German guns when the armistice terms were drawn up. We asked for the surrender of 5,000 guns, believing that this figure represented 'about one-third of the artillery material of the German army.' Since then General Nollet's Commission has secured the delivery and destruction of 35,000 guns, and there is no saying how many more there may be. If all the Big Berthas are still concealed, how easy it must be to hide field-guns. No prudent man should count upon the Germans being without guns for field armies. The fortresses on the coasts and in the East are also full of heavy guns. Königsberg, to which the Allies allot twenty-two guns, has, I believe, between 700 and 800. Germany was a perfect nest of armaments of all kinds, and it is pretty clear that the nest is not yet cleaned out of the vipers within it.

On what lines is it proposed to use these forces and these armaments in case of war? Apparently the idea is to use

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the triplicated Reichswehr as a covering force, to form behind it a national army of 1,500,000 men with the help of the Schupo, and to use the Einwohnerwehr and the Orgesch for all the secondary purposes for which troops are required for duties in the interior in war-time. That is the general plan, the covering force falling back on the National Army, which will be found in a prepared position, while other troops wage a guerilla war and raid the communications of the enemy. A certain literature, with a German general at its head, is already beginning to stereotype this plan.

'Great Heavens!' one may impatiently ask; 'Do you really believe that a people who have suffered so much from war want war again?' 'No,' one is told, 'the people do not want war; but all the people who rule Germany, and who temporarily side-slipped to avoid the reproach of accepting the ultimatum, want to reëstablish a strong Germany and to wage a war of revenge. The disastrous docility of the mass of the people permits anything, and always pushing them on there is this vast body of out-of-work officers longing for the reestablishment of their prerogatives, and unable to wait.'

I am not prepared to say whether it is all a nightmare or a mare's nest; but if the French are over-suspicious, they are almost justified in being so after all the prevarication, evasion, and camouflage to which the Germans have resorted. The French have now the Allied warrant to liquidate this matter, and they mean to do so in strict accord with the treaty and subsequent German engagements.

My own instinct is that Germany does not want war, and is still incapable of waging war on a modern scale. But she has uneasy neighbors on several fronts, and wishes to be strong. She will build up a formidable army directly she is allowed, and will take advantage of every opportunity to do so. There is not the slightest hope of any serious reduction of armaments in Europe, or of any real pacification, so long as this is the bent of her mind, and so long as she can point to the illegal seizure of Upper Silesia by the Poles as a justification of her attitude. It is the business of the Allies to settle the latter question, since they made themselves responsible for order in the plebiscite area.

But in the grave matter of unauthorized German armaments, presuming that the fact is indubitably proved, the conclusion is borne in upon us that if we want to avoid a fresh war we must exercise a certain control over Germany for a considerable period of time. For how long? Until the old German corps of officers becomes absorbed in other pursuits, until the war veterans are too old to serve, and until the Prussian spirit of militarism becomes supplanted by the spirit of civic duty.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

SONG OF THE DAY'S END

BY FRANCIS WILLIAMS

[*Westminster Gazette*]

THE wise man and the foolish,
They met at Heaven's gate;
The fool he danced a caper,
But the wise man came in state.

'God help you and God keep you,'
Said the foolish to the wise.
But the wise man only eyed him
With dignified surprise.

Then God came through the wicket
And the wise man bowed him low;
But the fool he danced still higher
To see God standing so.

They went them in together,
God walking in between,
Along the flower garden,
And through the meadow green.

And the wise man went as honored guest
To the fairest room of all.
But the fool he went as friend of God
And lover of them all.

A SERMON

BY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[*The Observer*]

THERE'S room for most things: Tropic seas,
Poll-parrots, beer, the Vicar's teas,
June nights, transparent Winter dawns,
Tulips ablaze on Summer lawns,
Queer jungle fruits of mammoth size,
And gay Brazilian butterflies;
Chalk cliffs built up of tiny shells,
Delicate mist and faint bluebells,
The sparrow's brown, the peacock's tail;
Cathedrals; Florence Nightingale;
Gaby Deslys; Paris; the small
Village tucked snugly round the Hall.
Yes, room for all, if only each
Will live content, nor strive to preach
Its own perfection as the end
Toward which the Universe should tend.
As long as daisies don't complain.
The whole world's not a daisy-chain,
Or flaunting tropic birds condemn
To ridicule the sober hen;
As long as each with its own shape
Is satisfied — nor tries to ape
Another's. When the crow puts on
The peacock's plumes, his charm is gone!
Will-o'-the-Wisp, though shining bright,
Wont keep your kitchen fires alight;
Tamed wolves are not domestic cats,
Nor Fauns less Fauns for bowler hats.
Let neither Faun nor Saint reprove
Others for different ways of love,
Life and delight. There's room for wings
And feet — for wine and water-springs;
For things that walk and things that dance,
For Iceland and the South of France,
For lake and village-pump and sea,
For You — but also room for Me.

CROOKED CORNER

[*Punch*]

WHEN I pass Crooked Corner,
I hardly make a sound,
Because I know the fairies
Have there a dancing-ground;
And I've been shown the pixy throne
On which their queen is crowned.

And once by Crooked Corner
I saw a russet cloak
Just slipping through the hedgerow
Beside the haunted oak;
Nurse told me then it was a wren —
I'm *sure* it was 'the folk.'

Someday by Crooked Corner,
If I am very good,
Maybe I'll see the goblins
Come trooping from the wood;
I may myself become an elf —
I wonder if I could?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MASCAGNI'S NEW OPERA

MASCAGNI'S new opera, *Il Piccolo Marat*, has aroused in Italy a furore of enthusiasm which is shared by many critics elsewhere in Europe. It has been presented practically every evening for the past few weeks at the Teatro Costanzi, at Rome, to houses sold out long in advance. In fact, such is the press to get tickets that people literally fight for them at the box office. As much as a thousand lire are paid for box seats and one-hundred and eighty lire for ordinary seats, and even for standing-room where the stage cannot be seen and the auditor can only hear the music. The whole company has been called before the curtain as many as thirty times in the course of an evening. No such operatic success has been seen in Europe since the first presentation of Verdi's *Falstaff*.

It is thirty-one years since Mascagni suddenly leaped into prominence with his first great success, *Cavalleria Rusticana*. There seems little doubt that the new opera is destined to remain one of the most popular in the Italian repertoire.

The theme of what some critics call this 'musical drama' is taken from the period of the French Revolution. However, the opera does not feature either the great characters or the great episodes of the Revolution. In fact, the libretto, which was written by a certain Forzano, is considered by some of the critics hardly worthy of the music. The hero is an aristocrat who joins the revolution and becomes a little Marat in order to rescue his mother from imprisonment and certain death. He succeeds in his object, but is detected and executed by the Revolutionary Committee. The plot is said to lack unity and originality.

A severe critic of the new school also fails to find originality in the music. 'The choruses are the traditional opera choruses of soldiers, students, smugglers, angels, and demons. His solo arias and duets are the familiar arias and duets of good old Ponchielli or of Mascagni himself thirty years ago. The opera has nothing new and interesting in the construction of its harmonies and instrumentation. Neither is there anything novel or really inspired in its melodies. None the less, although it is almost archaic in certain features as compared with many modern operas, which are really nothing more than scholastic exercises in composition and instrumentation, and though it does not mark the slightest progress in opera composition, it has come just at the psychological moment when all Italy dreams longingly of the good old times. It is the music of the fathers of the present generation. It is abundantly melodious and catchy. After a second hearing, practically every Italian, gifted as he is with a natural ear for music, can sing the airs and every one in Rome is doing so.'

*

CONTEMPORARY SWISS WRITERS

AN interesting exposition of the state of literature in Switzerland at present and during the past fifteen years is contained in a collection of essays by leading Swiss writers, which has just appeared under the editorship of M. Eduard Kurrodi. The volume contains evidence of protest against the domi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nance of the writers of the German-Swiss school, who, led by Gottfried Keller and to a less extent Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, once exercised a depressing influence on the national literature.

The anthology is strictly modern. Jakob Schaffner, the oldest of the writers included, was born in 1875. In his novel *Konrad Pilater* he made a definite break with the influence of Keller, and remained purely Swiss; but of late he has come more and more to regard Germany as his 'spiritual home.' M. Paul Ild, however, has demonstrated in his novel *Lebensdrang*, the possibility of a purely Swiss realism, as well as a Swiss idealism. In Albert Steffen, another of the writers represented, the Russian influence, especially Dostoievsky's, is very strong, and he seems to have sought an apocalyptic atmosphere which sometimes obscures his meaning. He remains, nevertheless, a genuinely Swiss writer, and not a mere imitator of the Russians.

A number of poets whose inspiration is both original and national appear in the anthology. Indeed, since Keller's day has passed, poetry and the poetic drama have well-nigh supplanted the *Novelle* as the chief medium of literary expression. Among those represented or discussed in the anthology are Robert Faesi, Max Pulver, Hans Ganz, Felix Moeschlin, and the late Karl Stamm, whose death last year brought to a close a literary career of high promise.

M. Faesi began his literary career with a short story entitled *Zürcher-Novelle*, but first attracted wide attention with a volume of war lyrics, *Aus der Brandung*, in which the reconciling mission of Switzerland, an increasing popular theme among modern Swiss literary men, was treated, not as a mere political formula, but as an imaginative conception interpreted with vivid imagery and extraordinary power. He subsequently turned his attention to the drama and wrote two comedies, *Die Offenen Türen* and *Die Fassade*, the first succesful plays in modern Swiss literature.

M. Max Pulver has devoted himself to classical and mediæval times and several of his works are touched with Christian mysticism, especially a short epic, *Merlin*, and two plays, *Alexander der Grosse*, and *Igernes Schuld*. M. Hans Ganz set out originally in the same direction as M. Pulver but shifted so abruptly with *Der Lehrling*, a gruesome tragedy of thwarted youth, — a characteristic theme in contemporary German drama, — that his future development is a matter of doubt.

M. Felix Moeschlin is regarded by the writer who discusses him as the herald of a new generation. He declares that 'in his ideas a new Switzerland comes to maturity.' In 1913 he produced a personal imaginative creed, *Der Freie Schweizer*, a confession of the poet's belief in man's nearness to the earth as the foundation of all life, material and spiritual. Since then, in the magazine *Schweizerland*, he has published lyrics which show poetic gifts of no mean order.

✠

MR. GORDON CRAIG'S NEW BOOK

MR. GORDON CRAIG expounds his revolutionary ideas of theatrical art with his customary vigor, and, it is to be regretted, with his customary obscurity, in his new book, *The Theatre Advancing*, of which an American edition has already appeared. English critics profess themselves unable to conclude, after the perusal of 290 pages of text and 87 pages of preface, in what direction Mr. Craig believes the theatre to be advancing; and most of them remain in some doubt as to what, in his view, constitutes advance.

Nevertheless there is, as always,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much of interest in what Mr. Craig has to say. He begins his book with a dedication to his enemies, and the wish that they may be 'stronger, more malicious, and anyhow funnier than they have been in the past.' He proposes a return to Elizabethan conditions (fancy Gordon Craig as an Elizabethan!) in one respect, when he clamors for the banishment of women from the stage. 'To achieve the reform of the theatre, to bring it into the condition necessary for it to become a fine art, women must first have left the boards.'

He refuses to put his theories to the severe test of practical use until he has a theatre of his own. No other, no matter how excellent, will do. 'I was five or six times asked by Reinhardt to enter his admirable theatre and produce a play as I wished to see it produced. I did not do so, and I will do no such thing. . . . I said, "I will not enter into another man's theatre and do it. I will do it only in my own theatre."'

There are bits of caustic comment here, and flashes of wit there, and undeniable wisdom as well. Those who have been so indiscreet as to regard Gordon Craig as a mere *poseur* might do well to ponder such passages as the following: 'When we talk of an artist's temperament, we generally mean a lot of nervous disorders.'

✻

A LYRIC FOR THE CROWN PRINCE

THE divinity that doth hedge a king — and presumably a crown prince as well — makes little impression upon the British undergraduate, even though he seldom harbors anti-monarchical sentiments. The visit of the Crown Prince Hirohito to Eton is celebrated by the *College Chronicle* in these lines: —

Banzai!
Gaude, gaude, gaudeto,
Rejoice aloud indeed!
For soon Prince Hirohito
Will tread our verdant mead!
And may no Thames mosquito
Be rash or indiscreet O,
And bite the Prince's suite O,
To satisfy her greed.

✻

POPULARIZING ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

THE 'Old Vic,' the London theatre which of late years has done most to popularize Elizabethan drama, will probably add to its achievements during the next season. The theatre will reopen in September with a production of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*. Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* and Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* will probably be included in the repertoire, also.

The revivals of the last two seasons by the Phœnix Society have shown that many old plays which are almost unreadable and apparently utterly superannuated take on fresh glamour and become eminently actable and effective when staged. It will be interesting to see whether the production of *Dr. Faustus*, which has had only one performance during the last few years, — and that by an American college, — will justify Goethe's eulogy of it. It is well-known that *Faust* is the outcome of the German dramatist's admiration for his Elizabethan predecessor.

✻

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S READING

A WRITER in the London *Times* gives the following account of Mr. Lloyd George's reading: —

Books are indispensable to Mr. Lloyd George. He has always on hand two or three which he is in course of reading; sometimes new books just published, — a new biography perhaps, or, better still, a book of travel, — but often old friends, which he is reading again perhaps for the fifth or sixth time.

I was fortunate enough to meet a short

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time ago someone who was in the process of putting Mr. Lloyd George's library in order, and I was told that the number of books he has collected is remarkable. And they are books which have been read and re-read, and by Mr. Lloyd George himself, for his familiar pencil-marks appear to record the fact. Grote, Gibbon, Mommsen, Macaulay, Froude, Green, Bagehot — these well-worn volumes have been his companions for many years, and he constantly refers to them. Carlyle, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne are familiar friends to him, and of the more modern authors his favorites are, perhaps, Meredith, Stevenson, and Wells; but Mr. Bernard Shaw would probably learn with surprise — but not disapproval — that Mr. Lloyd George has read every one of his books as they appeared, with the intensest interest. 'He loathes me, but I like his books,' was his comment on G.B.S., whose talent he admires greatly. 'Bernard Shaw is nearly as clever as he thinks he is, which is putting it rather high,' he once remarked.

He has dipped, too, into the classics — not in the originals, of course, for that he does not aspire to, but in translations. Cicero's letters he reads over and over again. Thucydides he read from cover to cover for the first time during a sea voyage, and has since re-read many times. He has read much French literature, both in French and in the translations. Victor Hugo is one of his favorites, and he has read most of the novels of Anatole France. The stories of Erckmann-Chatrian he delights in, for historic novels he prefers above all others.

Last, but not least, his knowledge of the Bible is thorough, and he can give you a chapter and verse of almost any quotation.

✻

A BOLSHEVIST POET CONDEMNED

An anonymous critic in the *Westminster Gazette* handles rather severely a recent English translation of Alexander Blok's poem, 'The Twelve,' which was also translated for *The Living Age* several months ago. 'After a third, fourth, or fifth reading,' he says, 'it is difficult to find any emotional argument worth consideration or capable of stirring any emotion. "The Twelve" is not a work which improves upon acquaintance. It is a piece that reminds one all too forcibly of those malicious and generally stupid parodies of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon that used to appear a year or so ago.

'It is only fair to mention that the original appears to have had a fairly considerable success in Russia; that the Bolshevist Government, indeed, has circulated over two million copies of it. But we would remind Mr. Bechhofer that the sort of literature which Governments are given to distributing as an "emotional argument" is not often the highest. There are entirely suitable illustrations by Michael Larionov.'

✻

LORD DUNSANY'S NEW PLAY

Lord Dunsany has been as fantastic as usual in his new play, *If*, now at the Ambassadors Theatre in London, although perhaps not quite so startlingly original as in some of his earlier plays. A magic crystal, a stranger from the Far East, the transformation of a commonplace Cockney into an Oriental despot, a murder or two — such are the materials out of which his play is made.

John Beal, a thoroughly commonplace young Londoner, living the humdrum life of a city clerk in an office and and a suburban villa, chances to befriend a broken down Persian-carpet merchant, who bestows upon him a magic crystal, which (after the manner of magic crystals everywhere) possesses extraordinary properties. It can turn time backward (not quite *à la* Einstein) to any moment of its owner's past life at which he wishes he had acted differently. But John Beal is so happy and unadventurous a man, and has lived so exemplary a life, that for the moment he can recall no deed which he would change.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suddenly he remembers that once, ten years before, a railway porter slammed a gate in his face and made him miss his train. The bitterness of that moment rankles still. With the crystal's aid, he will catch that train, which pulled out of the station without him ten years before, and he will get even at last with that confounded porter.

The atmosphere of the second-class carriage in which he finds a seat is a little more heavily charged with fateful possibilities than is usual in similar vehicles. In it there is also Miss Miralda Clement, a painfully familiar type of pretty, willful Cockney girl, who becomes involved with a fellow traveler in an altercation over the raising and lowering of a window, and who is befriended by the gallant John. On such trifles as a porter in a hurry to close a gate, and as the window of a second-class railway carriage, hangs the fate of John Beal. Miralda explains that, through her uncle's bequest, she is sole heir to the sum of a hundred thousand pounds, which, unfortunately, has been lent to an Arabian chieftain dwelling in an indefinite *Hinterland*, somewhere beyond Persia, who miraculously manifests no desire to settle his debts, except by sacrifices at the tomb of the defunct uncle.

John and Miralda journey to this geographically vague country, to interview the recalcitrant debtor; and the valorous John — complying with a request which Miralda makes in the same petulant, flat little voice with which she has earlier demanded the raising and lowering of the car-window — promptly slaughters him and installs himself in his place. Miralda, being convinced that she 'would look sweet as a queen,' asks to share his throne; and when John refuses and also declines to kill his trusted servant Daoud, she encourages a lover, foments a conspiracy, and sends John flying from his realm. After three years of wandering he finds himself outside his own suburban villa, where his own maid coaxes the magic crystal from him and smashes it with a hammer. At the blow, the lights flash off, and an instant later the old John Beal is seen lying drowsily on his sofa, rubbing his eyes, while his wife comes in with his supper-tray.

The play has met with instant success, and most critics have written, though neither unanimously nor enthusiastically, in its praise. It has the very color and sound of the fantastically beautiful countries of its author's dreams, but it lacks the grim power of *The Gods of the Mountain* or *A Night at an Inn*. There is a touch of Barrie in the play, — a new note for Lord Dunsany, — which recalls both *Dear Brutus* and *The Admirable Crichton;* and the figure of the humble, ignorant, exasperatingly respectable Beal, who yet has within him the qualities of the adventurers who sailed with Drake and Frobisher, suggests that those worthies might, in another age, have made mild and respectable clerks, stock-brokers, and floor-walkers. Lord Dunsany has given a fascinating demonstration of the proximity of the wildly romantic and the utterly humdrum.

*

NEW BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

Alexander Blok: *The Twelve*, Chatto and Windus, London, 6*s*.

Gordon Craig: *The Theatre Advancing*, Constable and Company, London 31*s*. 6 *d*.

Eduard Korrodi: *Die Junge Schweiz*, Rascher, Zurich, 3*f*.

Thomas Mann: *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*, Fischer Verlag, Berlin, 1919.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New England Conservatory of Music

Boston, Mass.

George W. Chadwick
Director

Year Opens
September 15, 1921

Located in the Music Center of America

It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, and splendid equipment, offer exceptional facilities for students.

Complete Curriculum

Courses in every branch of Music, applied and theoretical.

Owing to the Practical Training

In our Normal Department, graduates are much in demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges

Of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music students.

A Complete Orchestra

Offers advanced pupils in piano-forte, voice, organ and violin experience in rehearsal and public appearance with orchestral accompaniment.

Dramatic Department

Practical training in acting.

Address RALPH L. FLANDERS, General Manager

Pilgrim Trails

A Plymouth-to-Provincetown Sketchbook

By FRANCES LESTER WARNER

Illustrated by C. SCOTT WHITE

"Sketchbooks of travel of the 'statistical' type can never so reproduce the atmosphere of a given locality as a book of this delectable kind, breathing the very spirit of the country described. In a way, just now, 'All roads lead to Plymouth.' And if we may not travel them in reality, we can gain from a book like this, not only a wonderfully clear impression of the Pilgrim Country, but a new realization of the purposes and the staunchness of heart and of deed with which they were carried out." — *Boston Transcript.* ***$1.75***

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC.
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Shackled Youth

By EDWARD YEOMANS

¶ In ten brief chapters that are charged with feeling, Mr. Edward Yeomans, a Chicago manufacturer, shows for the benefit of teachers, parents, and readers generally, something of what he thinks the schools of today should be doing. Mr. Yeomans's vim, combined with his sense of the comic, should actually accomplish something in the very face of "the oceanic inertia of school administration" and "the generally oily calm that pervades it." — *Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Dark green cloth binding, gilt top and stamping, 138 pages, list $1.60

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, INC.
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS	*Sir Geoffrey Butler, K.B.E.*
WALTHER RATHENAU	*Antoine De Tarlé*
GERMANY'S TASK	*Walther Rathenau*
THE NOVELS OF HENRY JAMES	
GLIMPSES OF ANGORA	
THE SOCIAL STRUGGLE IN ARGENTINA	*Felix Bagel*
THE RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT OF H. G. WELLS. III	*A. E. Baker*
LAUGHTER	*Leonid Andreyev*
THE LITTLE PILGRIM OF ST. JAMES	*André Mary*
RECOLLECTIONS OF MORITZ JOKAI	*X. Y. Z.*
FOX-CUBS	*Douglas Gordon*
COLLOQUY IN A JAPANESE INN	*J. W. Robertson Scott*
AMERICA *vs.* EUROPE	*August Hamon*
CHOPIN: THE SOUL OF POLAND	*G. Jean-Aubry*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE,
10 Depot Street, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year beginning.....

Name .....

Address..... *City*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

7-23-21